HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1407.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

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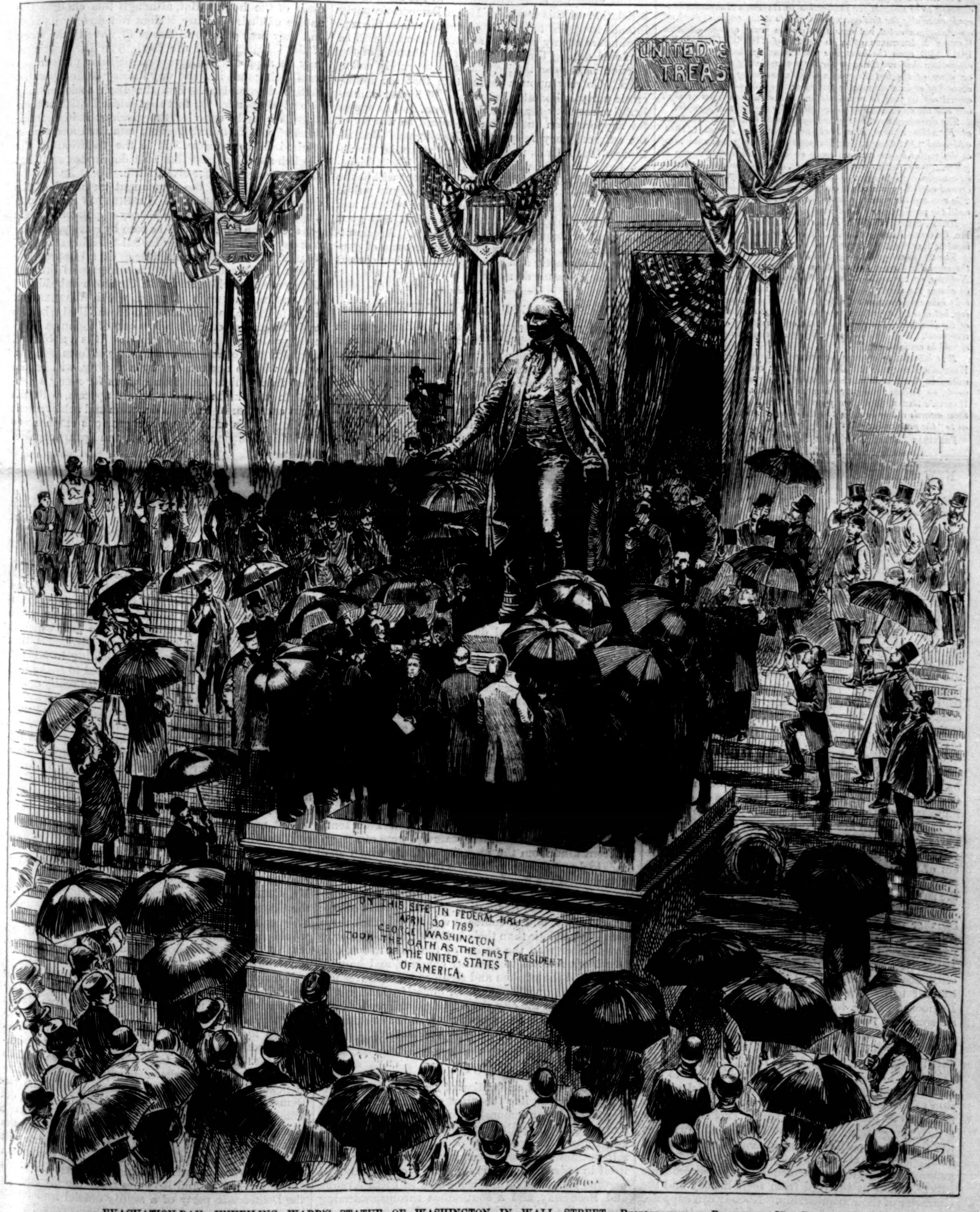
$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.


UNITED S
TREAS
ON THIS SITE IN FEDERAL HALL
APRIL 30 1789
GEORGE WASHINGTON
TOOK THE OATH AS THE FIRST PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA.

EVACUATION-DAY—UNVEILING WARD'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON IN WALL STREET.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 783.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported [see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1st *of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December*, 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

NEW SERIAL STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

We take pleasure in announcing that a new serial story by this popular author, entitled

I SAY NO;
OR,
THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED,

will begin in HARPER'S WEEKLY *for December* 22, 1883. *The story is one of exceptional interest and power.*

CONGRESS.

THIS will be a President-making Congress. Yet there are many subjects which require wise consideration and deliberate treatment. But the key of the probable action of Congress is seen in the actual political situation. Naturally financial and administrative questions take precedence in importance of all others, because there is no absorbing and supreme topic of public interest, as there was during the anti-slavery epoch and the war. Here, however, the situation is singular and difficult, from the fact that parties do not divide upon actual questions, but cohere by tradition and association. The question which naturally suggests itself to many persons as of chief importance is that of tariff revision. But the friends of tariff revision are in both parties, and there is no party expressly to secure that result. The Democrats who favor it are not, so far as appears, the real leaders of their party, while its Republican friends certainly do not anticipate any satisfactory action upon the subject from the Democratic party.

By the time that this paper is issued the election of Speaker will have thrown some light upon the relative strength of the two tendencies in the Democratic party. The letter of General GORDON, of Georgia, to Mr. RANDALL showed the situation, of which every close observer is aware. General GORDON declares himself to be a revenue reformer, but still more a Democrat, and as he thinks that his party can not succeed next year without the sympathy and support of business men, who would be alarmed by any serious tariff disturbance, he is of opinion that the least said will be soonest mended. The true party policy, he thinks, is to keep mum and to look wise and to say nothing, and by such means having obtained possession of the government, to proceed to such free-trade measures as may be thought best. This is certainly a *naïf* suggestion. But none the less it illustrates the truth that parties are now maintained and will be supported next year mainly upon their traditions, general sympathies and tendencies, and their probable future action as inferred from their history and the character of their membership. Nobody can suppose, from any evidence or from the probabilities, that wise financial legislation, a sound revenue system, or improved administration would follow Democratic success. The party represents no policy except that of silence, evasion, and running for luck.

But these are certainly not reasons for displacing a party which has shown itself so heedful as the Republican of the demands of public opinion. The protective sentiment is strong in that party, but the same kind of reasoning which leads General GORDON to deprecate free-trade action upon the part of the Democrats holds in check extreme protective legislation by the Republicans. The reason is, as we have already said, that the parties do not divide upon that issue. Republican revenue reformers and Democratic protectionists each think that upon the whole the general public interest would be more surely promoted by the success of their parties. If we are mistaken in this view, the error will appear in the light of the legislation of this session. If the Democratic party intends to appeal to the country next year as the representative of any policy of administration, it will be disclosed during the winter, and the chances of the election next year then could be more surely calculated. To rely upon a declaration that the Democratic party is honester, wiser, and of higher administrative sagacity than the Republican, and to appeal for support upon such grounds, would be worthy of the extraordinary folly of the Democrats. But, although that folly is unfailing, it must not be the dependence of the Republican party, while it will doubtless be its ally. The Republican argument will be the general record of the party, its amenability to public opinion, its adherence to administrative reform, and the public confidence in the moderation and good judgment of Republican administration. Apparently the battle is to be offered upon the ground of general good character and promise, and that is a contest which Republicans do not fear.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND IN NEW YORK.

GOVERNOR CLEVELAND is not a familiar figure in the city of New York, and his sturdy form was seen with great interest and pleasure on the late centennial day. This interest culminated at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce in the evening, when he made a speech which was heard with the closest attention, and whose significant passages were received with warm and equally significant applause. Governor CLEVELAND is, like the rest of us, a party man. But he is plainly a conscientious and devoted magistrate, who does not surrender his independence, and is not afraid of "bosses."

In the course of his speech at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce the Governor alluded to the commercial interests of New York, and asked the company whether they were sure that in the Legislature the city had true and worthy champions of those interests. This question produced a hearty response, which was only to be interpreted as a sign of the consciousness of the merchants that they were quite sure that they had not such champions in the Legislature. The earnest suggestion of the Governor that in the performance of political duties the citizens of New York should not fall behind the noble example of their forefathers, is not only one that is needed, but it was an intimation, not less needed, that the Governor can not atone for the negligence of the citizens, and that if a community chooses to send unworthy representatives to the Legislature, it must expect unworthy legislation, and has no right to grumble at it.

The Governor was careful not to make a sweeping generalization including every representative from the city. But there was no misunderstanding the fact that the Governor of the State gravely said in effect that the city sends unfit men to represent her interests. It was not a new saying, but it was a true saying. The men whom the city of New York sent to the Legislature a hundred years ago were of a very different kind from the majority of those whom she sends to-day. Governor BUTLER in his speech thought fit to malign the merchants and professional men of the earlier day by saying that they were not the men who carried on the Revolution. It was a bit of cheap demagoguery, and of course it was untrue that they were less patriotic than their fellow-citizens. Let any New-Yorker read the names of the men whom old New York selected to lead her councils, and he will understand the wisdom and significance of Governor CLEVELAND'S question, and ask himself whether it is impossible that the city should be worthily represented, not as now by a few gentlemen in the delegation, but by the entire body of the representatives.

A GREAT DAY.

THE centennial celebration of Evacuation-day is already historical, like the great event itself, and, like all great popular demonstrations in New York, it was a most interesting illustration of the effect of popular government in producing popular moderation and self-restraint. A New York crowd, vast as it is, keeps itself in order. There were hundreds of thousands of persons packed upon the sidewalks in Fifth Avenue and Broadway, and a continuous throng swarming through the neighboring streets. But there was no disorder or accident, and, despite the pitiless pelting of the storm, there was universal good-humor. The storm, also, did not seem to affect the popular ardor and interest in the pageant of the procession. The multitudes stood fast during the four hours occupied by the procession in passing, and cheered lustily any person or object that it wished to honor; and, as usual, interesting and striking as the procession was, the chief interest was the mass of spectators.

Of course the crowd, as must be always the case in New York, was a heterogeneous throng. It was composed of persons of many nationalities; for New York is the largest Irish city in the world, and almost the largest German city, and the numbers of natives of other lands are always large. The traditions of such a day are consequently unfamiliar to a great part of the spectators, to whom the pageant is pure spectacle, and who feel no thrill of patriotism in the associations of the hour. But, although this changes the nature of their pleasure, it does not destroy its zest, and they hear with the interest of novelty the story of the significance of the day. The Irish societies may be supposed to have had peculiar pleasure in recollecting that in some way the day commemorated British discomfiture. But the Irish societies may also wisely ponder the fact that, while British authority was happily expelled, the glorious British traditions of constitutional freedom remained, and are organized in new forms. It is the tradition of the English-speaking race that still dominates, as it has always controlled our civilization.

It was well that the permanent memorial of the day should be the statue of WASHINGTON raised upon a spot hallowed by a whole history of patriotic events—a spot upon which it will be seen by more persons in one day than now probably see all the other statues of WASHINGTON in the same time. Of all appropriate places in the country for such a memorial this was the most appropriate, and with the stone imbedded in the rostrum beneath it, upon which WASHINGTON stood in the balcony of the old Federal Hall when he took the oath of office, it forms one of the most interesting monuments in the country. It is a noble and dignified figure, and the rostrum, a platform below it, which will be surrounded by a railing, will be the place from which American orators for many a generation will make their patriotic appeals, with the great exemplar of patriotic devotion and achievement lending by his calm presence a gracious emphasis to the loftiest eloquence of which human lips are capable.

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

Two things must be very disagreeable to New York Democrats. One is their general acknowledgment that their success next year is impossible without the vote of New York, and the other is the hostility of Governor CLEVELAND and JOHN KELLY. Such a situation means great trouble. The Governor is not a man to surrender a principle or a conviction, and JOHN KELLY has shown his perfect willingness to defeat his party if he can not have his own way. We have pointed out more than once the fact, which is distasteful to honorable and sincere Democrats, that their party can succeed only by yielding to KELLY. The County Democracy was organized to shake him off, and he brought it to his feet. It has really ceased to exist except in name. Democratic harmony means only submission to JOHN KELLY, and Governor CLEVELAND does not propose to submit to JOHN KELLY.

Moreover, Mr. KELLY has published a private letter from the Governor which has drawn upon him a great deal of censure. Now the Governor's friends control the party organization, and by preference and necessity they cling to him. Governor CLEVELAND is not, in the ordinary sense, a politician. He is an honest man, of strong nature and convictions, honestly seeking to do his duty. He seems, at least, to be a man who would prefer to see his party defeated rather than successful by surrender to JOHN KELLY. In this situation a rupture seems to be inevitable. Mr. KELLY professed a great desire for harmony, and the County Democracy, understanding him, immediately concluded a bargain with him. The Governor would not submit, and wrote him a letter, which KELLY published, and declared that the Governor had destroyed harmony.

Next year the price of his Tammany vote will be much higher. The Democratic newspapers will bellow for harmony, meaning buying Tammany upon its own terms. The Governor will not buy. If the delegation to the National Convention and the consequent prospects of Tammany are apparently unpromising, Mr. KELLY will take his own course. If he gives a negative and lukewarm support to the National ticket, the State can not be carried, and from the Democratic point of view that will be fatal. If, despite the Governor, the party surrenders to Tammany, of course it will not obtain a single vote beyond the strict party line, and very many within the line will be alienated. It is thus a familiar situation, but a very disagreeable one, a position between the devil and the deep sea, and it comes from the presence in the Democratic party of a sturdy official leader who refuses to do what the County Democracy leaders have done—bow to Gesler's cap upon the pole.

THE REPUBLICAN ENROLLMENT.

The Republican enrollment in the city of New York contains more than twenty thousand names. This is about a third of the total Republican vote in the city; and if the enrolled voters remember an old saying about eternal vigilance, and act upon it, they can correct many of the abuses of which there has been just complaint hitherto, and which have been often disastrous to the party.

The "old stagers" of politics will certainly not relax their activity, and a large enrollment will not be a benefit if its purpose is not fulfilled, which is to secure large and independent primaries. Yet the "old stagers" must see that the old tricks will be useless at a time when public and party feeling are so strongly arrayed against them. The knowledge that a candidate is a machine or boss favorite would be in itself enough to defeat him.

This is the lesson which all managers must now lay to heart for next year. When such strong party men as Mr. Beecher and Mr. Watterson say substantially that their parties do not own them, it is evident that a spirit of independence is abroad, which is most becoming to the close of the centennial Revolutionary season. If bosses of high and low degree, and machine men of every kind, will but remember that there are many voters of the same mind, they will see that in a contest, as that of next year promises to be, between party traditions and prospects rather than actual policies, everything which can weaken regard for the party must be carefully avoided; and nothing will so certainly alienate Republicans as old-fashioned machine management.

MR. LOWELL AS LORD RECTOR.

Mr. Lowell's election as Rector of the University of St. Andrews is an extraordinary compliment. But no man could have better deserved it. He is now one of the chief of living authors in the English tongue, and certainly one of the two or three most eminent names in American literature. He is, however, the chief official representative of America in England, and by common consent one of the most admirable and acceptable representatives that we have ever had in England.

It is sometimes suggested that a minister so popular in a foreign country can hardly be a good American. But there was never a more popular American representative abroad than Dr. Franklin, and it would be hard to name a better American. Indeed, it was in large part his Americanism which made him socially attractive. He had shrewd sense and mother-wit and the art of conciliation, and Mr. Lowell has the same qualities, and is as genuine an American.

He has also remarkable scholarship, and a gift of most graceful speech, besides his gifts and achievements as a writer. When such a man occupies such a position in a foreign country the friendly feeling of the country can not express itself more happily than by his selection for an honor which is usually, but not necessarily, confined to Englishmen. The duty of the position consists wholly, we believe, in the delivery of an address, a duty which in recent years, at various universities, Mr. Mill, Mr. Carlyle, Professor Huxley, and Lord Beaconsfield, with other noted men, have discharged amid general attention and applause. It is a task in which Mr. Lowell is not likely to fail.

THE PARDON OF MASON.

The pardon of Mason, the soldier who fired at Guiteau, whom he was guarding, is doubtless judicious, and will be generally approved. The President wisely refused to listen to the earnest appeal for remission of the sentence which was made to him at the time, because he felt, undoubtedly, with other intelligent men, how great an offense Mason had committed—an offense greater, under the circumstances, than if it had been committed by any other man.

For the time, while he was guarding Guiteau, Mason had in his keeping the honor of the United States. That honor required that the assassin should have a judicial trial, and be safely guarded from mobs and individual avengers while the trial proceeded. It was the very fact that the government had intrusted Guiteau to Mason for this protection which gave Mason the opportunity to try to shoot him.

The offense was great, but it was largely condoned by public feeling, and the punishment has been adequate. There will be no censure of the release, and there can be no sentimental treatment of Mason as a martyr. The claims of law and justice have been satisfied, and the pardon is the exercise of a wise clemency.

REVOLUTIONARY MEMORIALS.

The close of the Revolutionary centennial season finds, as the fruit of the long attention of the country, a disposition to promote the erection of memorials both of men and events, and especially of battle-fields. Congress has made specific grants of money upon certain conditions to certain memorial enterprises, as at Newburgh, and the Pennsylvania Historical Society has urged strongly the claims of Valley Forge to such aid and remembrance.

There is no spot whose name is more grimly familiar in the Revolutionary story than Valley Forge, and nowhere could the stern sacrifice of the patriot soldiers be more fitly recalled. The Valley Forge Centennial Association proposes to urge the passage of a general bill, which has been already introduced in Congress, providing for a conditional grant. It is a kind of share project. The national Treasury contributes in proportion to a sum contributed by the community in which lies the memorable spot.

This condition prevents any serious draft upon the Treasury, while the contribution by the community is evidence of a warmth of local interest, which the country may wisely recognize and make effective. Such appropriations are made undoubtedly to gratify sentiment. But as there is no nobler sentiment than that of patriotism, nor any more sure to promote a wise and lofty public spirit, the question is whether grants for such purposes are not grants for most desirable public uses. A Revolutionary battle was of no limited significance. It was part of a great united movement, and its results are common and not local. There is no reason that the entire cost of a memorial to designate and honor it should be thrown upon the neighborhood, and a wisely guarded bill of the kind that we have mentioned we believe would receive general approval.

THE LATE MR. BLACKFAN.

Mr. Joseph H. Blackfan, the late Superintendent of Foreign Mails in the Post-office Department at Washington, was an original member of the first Civil Service Commission appointed by President Grant. His perfect comprehension of the situation and needs of the postal service, his clear mind and admirable judgment, made him one of the best of counsellors, and his name attached to the first report and scheme was a guarantee of their practicability and value which experience has demonstrated.

Mr. Blackfan was a man of singular modesty and of gentle urbanity of manner, which greatly endeared him to all his friends and associates, and his long and upright official career, his unusual experience in the service, and his ability to turn it to account, made him a model public officer.

His tranquil life passed in the faithful discharge of duties which bring no *éclat*, and like a war-worn veteran—although not an old man—he died at his post. He was himself a signal illustration of the excellence of the reformed methods in the civil service of which he was an unwavering advocate, and the honest and capable officer, the unassuming, friendly, and cordial companion, will be tenderly remembered.

MANNERS UPON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC.

There has been much serious comment upon the persons, mainly Englishmen, who were said to have behaved discourteously upon the famous Northern Pacific trip during the summer, and, notwithstanding the positive and apparently peculiarly well-informed denials and corrections in the New York *Evening Post* and elsewhere, the tale has been repeated until, as the Milwaukee *Sentinel* says, it has become accepted as a fact, and still holds its course through the newspapers.

The *Sentinel* again, and very clearly and conclusively, explains that the story has arisen from two sources: one, the probable confusion of the Yellowstone Park trip of Mr. Hatch, which apparently did encounter some social mishaps, with the Northern Pacific excursion; and the other a mistake of the Earl of Onslow, who supposed that "a private car" meant a car exclusively for himself and family—an error, however, which was promptly corrected, and the correction perfectly understood by him; and the intrusion of an Englishman who came upon the ticket of another invited guest, and his sons, who thrust themselves upon the party without permission, all of whom were dismissed from the excursion. This was a *contretemps*, but it does not in any manner justify the assertion that the invited guests of the Northern Pacific disgracefully misbehaved themselves. It was a trip which the *Sentinel* describes in words which, so far as we can learn, express the general feeling of the guests, remarkable in plan, complete in performance, and of unalloyed delight to the travellers.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Matthew Arnold agrees with Plato, that a good education is not fitted for all sorts and conditions of men, and that an intelligent man will pursue those studies which shall result in his getting soberness, righteousness, and wisdom, and will discard all the rest.

—Mr. Ruskin expresses his conviction that "nothing much matters in a nursery, except the mother, the nurse, and the air." Such small things as warmth, sunshine, cleanliness, rattles, and soothing-syrup are beneath his notice.

—Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, explains that the Egyptian troops under Hicks Pasha were defeated because, more than any other soldiers, they needed a flag, military music, and all the *éclat* of war, and these they did not have. The ex-Khedive was not surprised at the calamity.

—If some genii should arise to-morrow (says Mr. Henry Watterson) and offer to restore the South its slaves, the South would stand back aghast and say, "Get behind me, Satan."

—A newspaper called *Truth*, published in San Francisco, California, and devoted to the propagation of Socialistic doctrines, in its issue for November 17 appropriates a chapter from Professor Richard T. Ely's work on French and German Socialism, recently published by Harper & Brothers, and prints it in the form of an original contribution, under the Professor's own signature. This may imply appreciation of the author's views; but as it also conveys the false impression that he writes for the paper, our San Francisco contemporary should either change its name or mend its ways.

—In a recent divorce case in London the presiding judge said that "if the plaintiff's husband called her and her mother liars, that was a very gross insult, but it was no excuse for her slapping him on the face; and the fact that she got out of bed and slapped him three times on the face showed that she was not afraid of him." The question often arises as to what a man should do when another man has called him a liar, and it would be interesting to know what the learned judge's ruling would be in that case.

—The new Italian Minister of Marine, Signor Del Santo, is at least as good a sea-dog as some of our Secretaries of the Navy. At the battle of Lissa, in 1866, he gallantly went down with the frigate *Italia*, of which he was commander, after a brilliant engagement, but on rising to the surface he managed to get hold of a spar, and after floating six hours was picked up.

—France, Belgium, Italy, Spain, and Portugal have together a population of 90,000,000, of whom only 680,000 are Protestants. In France alone there are 630,000 Protestants; in Belgium, 15,000; in Italy, 14,000; in Spain, 30,000; and in Portugal, 500. The great object of the French Protestants during the present century has been to avoid conflicts with the Catholics, but they have signally failed in rescuing from infidelity men who were willing to be Christians, but unwilling to be Romanists. The French Protestant clergy receive their salaries from the national treasury. One of the most eloquent and eminent of them is M. De Pressensé, who has just been elected a life member of the French Senate.

—Disgusting (observes a late writer) as the sale of wives may seem to be now, the belief in its lawful character has descended from very early ages, when a wife was actually a chattel bought for so many cattle from her father—as daughters are still bought among the Zulus—and salable by her owner when he found a suitable customer. Only a few days ago, at the Liverpool assizes, a woman charged with bigamy pleaded that her former husband had sold her for a quart of beer, and the witnesses who testified in her behalf really seemed to think that a man has as good a right to sell his wife as his pig or his bull-dog. In 1832 a farmer in England sold his wife at auction for twenty shillings and a Newfoundland dog, and the authorities made no objection. In 1815 an Englishman sold his wife for eleven shillings, in 1820 for five shillings, in 1826 for thirty shillings, and in 1835 for fifteen pounds.

—Sir Stafford Northcote, who finds time to vary the toils of politics with the sports of literature, has been reminding a popular audience that the best writings of modern times are but reproductions of the same thoughts, the same feelings, and the same spirit which distinguish the ancient writers; that some of the most beautiful lines in Milton's poems are taken straight from Theocritus; that some of the most curious and amusing conceits of *Gulliver's Travels* are copied or adapted from Lucian; and that certain passages in Horace which describe the house of a vulgar rich man, or the way in which a great bore fastened himself upon the poet while he was out walking, apply with much force to our own times.

—The new Lord Mayor of London announces that when he goes to church he will not take out four horses, nor put his servants into state liveries. To ride to church for the sake of a show on a Sunday morning would be inconsistent with his principles, one of which is, "to save my servants on the Lord's day from all work that it is possible to avoid."

—A Scotch wine-merchant writes: "I do not believe in drinking one wine during a lifetime. At one time I drank nothing but port; now I seldom touch it, because my constitution is changed. If spared to live a few years longer, I shall probably take to it again as a vitalizer. Any food may give you the gout if it does not agree with you, and the same wine that would produce it in one person would cure it in another."

—Prince Bismarck, lean and thin, his face yellow from jaundice, and expressive of great suffering, his gait uneasy and constrained, seems at length to be really on the sick-list.

—M. De Lesseps professes himself ready to listen to any complaint brought against himself or the administration of the Suez Canal by any ship-owner. "I shall be glad to meet such gentlemen face to face, because I have always found that it is by the interposition of a third busybody that difficulties arise, and that when people meet face to face such difficulties can be settled in peace and harmony."

—An English jury found themselves at variance respecting the amount of damages to be awarded in a breach-of-promise suit. One juryman thought that $25,000 was the proper sum; another that $27,500 should be given; a third that much less would do. Finally they agreed to add up the several sums mentioned by the various jurymen, and to divide the gross results by twelve. This gave $12,750, which was accordingly awarded to the plaintiff.

—Mr. Franklin B. Gowen said in the United States Circuit Court, Trenton, New Jersey: "I am now about to retire from the railroad to the legal profession, and I want to take a good character back with me. In all the fifteen years I have been connected with railroads I have never been directly or indirectly interested in speculation in the stock of any road with which I was connected."

—The late Judge Black used to say that it was the business of the clergy to preach Christianity, and of the laity to defend it. We are glad to learn that Mr. George Ticknor Curtis has prepared for a popular magazine a series of articles in defense of the Christian religion, which deal specifically with the theories of creation and evolution, and in which he treats his readers as a jury, and applies to the subjects treated the rules of evidence and the principles of rational belief.

—The interest of the wealthier classes in the project of the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue has certainly been manifested by the alacrity with which the owners of valuable collections of pictures have responded to the appeal of the committee of the Loan Exhibition. These owners have so often been called upon to lend their choicest works of art that of late years the exercise of such generosity has in many cases been very wearisome. To some minds it is difficult to understand why a favorite oil-painting should be lent in charity any more than a favorite piece of furniture or a favorite pair of horses.

—The Pope having given to the people of Detroit, with his blessing, an oil painting representing the betrothal of St. Catherine, the gift has been acknowledged with "very sincere and heart-felt thanks for the picture so graciously sent." We notice with pleasure that the work of establishing in that city a permanent art museum is going on prosperously, and that the committee who have the matter in charge announce to their fellow-citizens that "those who wish to travel on the same train should get aboard at once."

—Mr. Courtland Palmer's Nineteenth Century Club will resume its sessions on the 6th of December, with a paper by Mr. George W. Cable, who reads as well as he writes. This meeting will be the forerunner of a series which promises to be even more interesting than the brilliant assemblies of last winter. It is worthy of mention that among the guests of this literary club the ladies are believed to be even better able than the gentlemen to appreciate and discuss the subjects introduced.

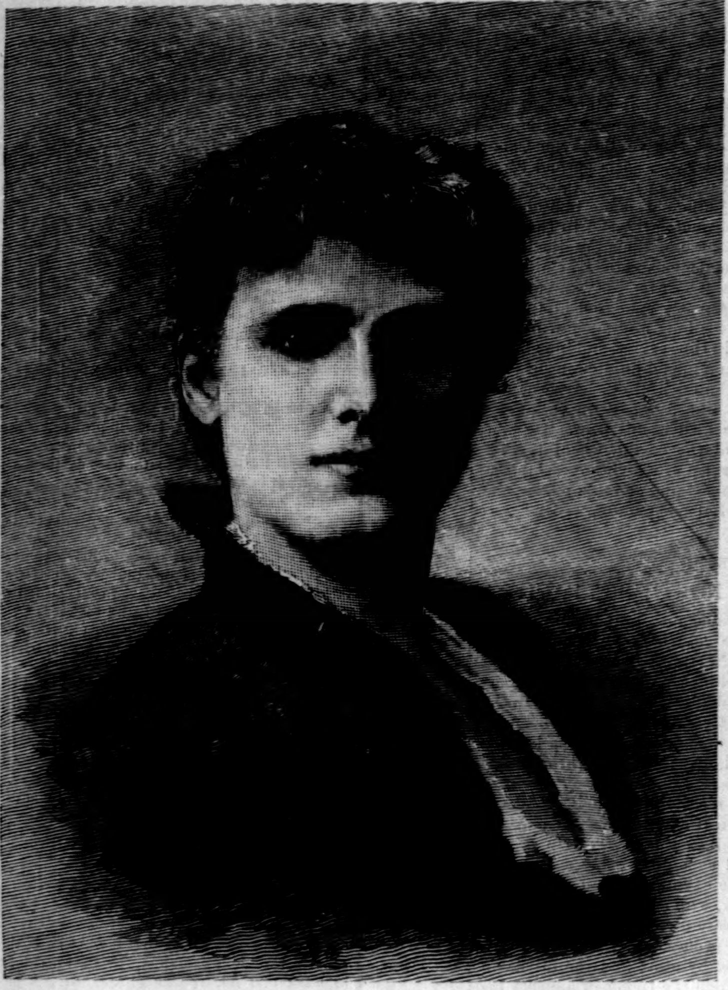
—The enterprising managers of the Salmagundi exhibition of works in black and white have made some money this year by selling their lease of the National Academy to the Bartholdi exhibition committee. Their fine and unique display in the American Art Rooms will accordingly be a financial not less than an artistic success, and for several years to come, doubtless, the public will share in the benefits of this favorable turn in the tide.

—George Augustus Sala gives a curious account of his ancestry. Some writer inquired whether he was a Jew. He answers: "In reply to my esteemed correspondent, whose communication is evidently of a *bona fide* character, I beg to state that I have no knowledge of ever having any Jewish ancestors. On the other hand, my maternal great-grandmother was a red Indian."

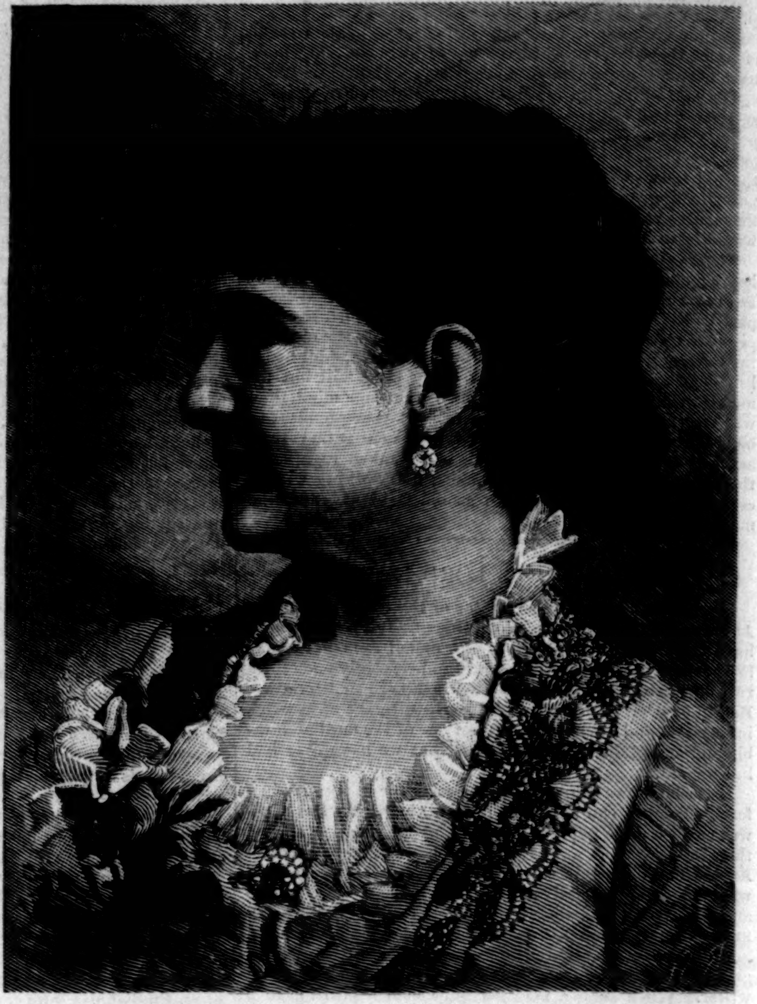
—Baron de St. Amand, the diplomatist, has just published at Paris an account of the Empress Josephine's first four years of wedded life, under the title of *La Citoyenne Bonaparte*.

—M. De Lesseps had, after all, only a second-hand idea when he propounded the cutting of the Suez Canal. The first Napoleon, according to history, is credited with the plan, and the fact is recorded in these words, written in 1797: "In the course of the next decade I shall sail to the canal which is now cutting across the Isthmus of Suez. The Polytechnic School and Corps of Engineers are employed in devising means for conveying my heavy artillery across the great desert. Soon shall India hail us her deliverers, and those proud islanders, the tyrants of Calcutta, shall fall before the heroes of Arcola."

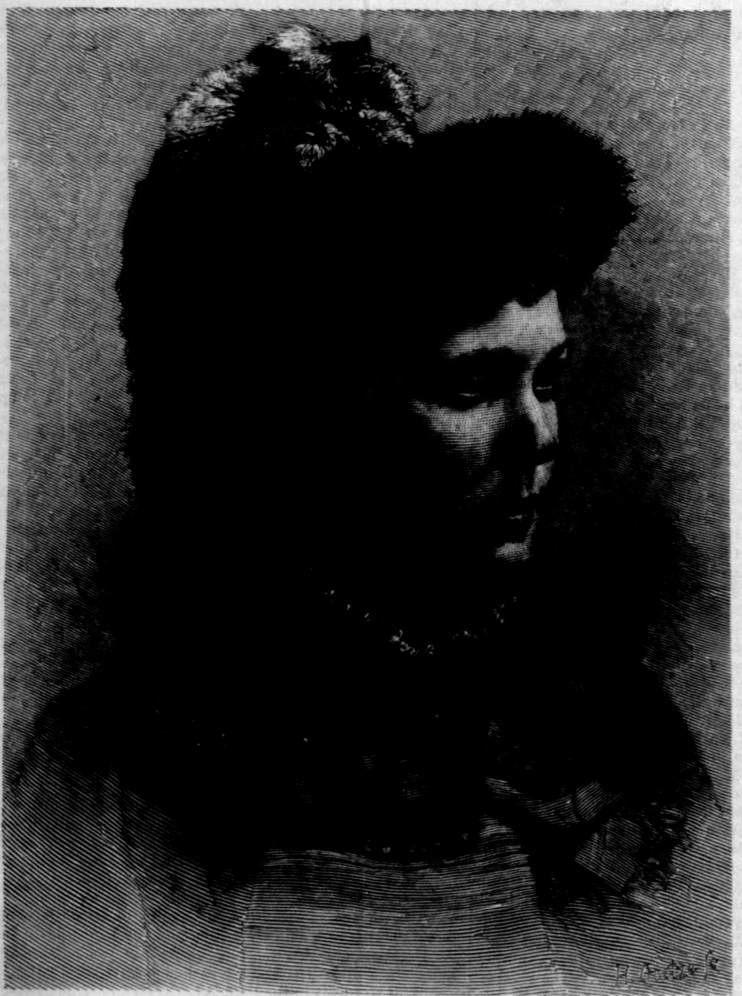
—One of the most agreeable features of Baron George von Bunsen's visit to Yale College, immediately before his departure for Germany, was his meeting with the venerable Professor of Latin, Thomas L. Thatcher, who had been tutor to the Crown Prince of Germany in the latter's boyhood. In an article contributed to Harper's Magazine some time since about the family of the Crown Prince, the Baron makes no mention of the interesting fact that the man who subsequently married the daughter of Queen Victoria owed his knowledge of English largely to a Yale graduate. Baron Von Bunsen confessed afterward, however, with much chagrin, that while writing the paper referred to he was ignorant of that which, considering the audience he was about to address, he should have taken exceptional pleasure in stating.



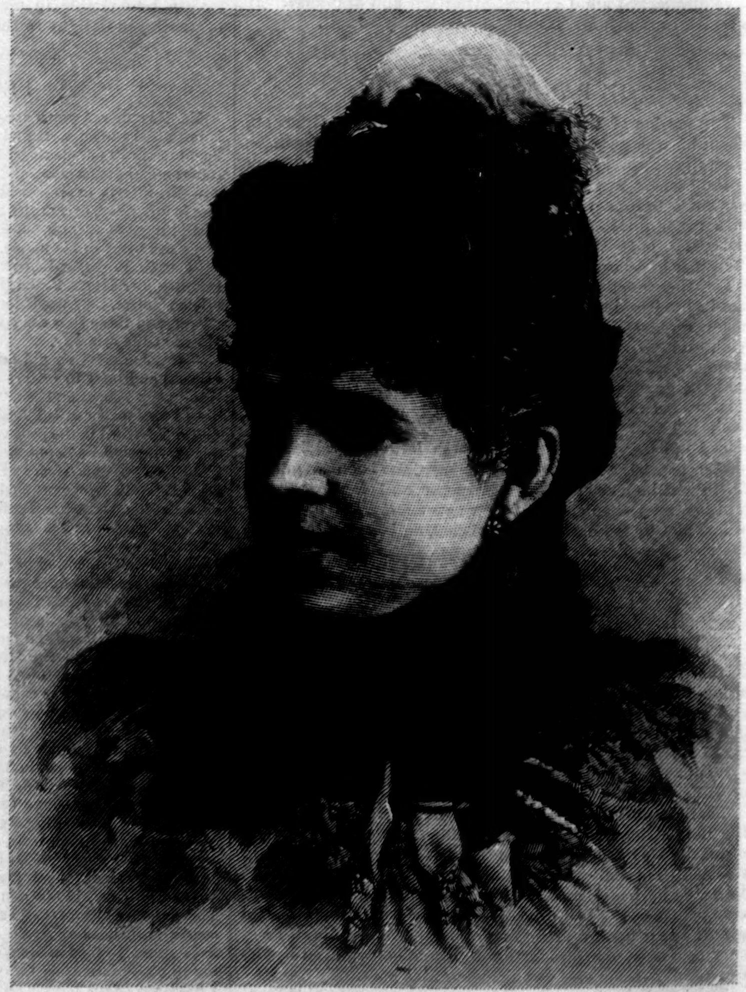
MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON.—Photographed by Sarony.



MADAME ADELINA PATTI.—Photographed by Sarony.

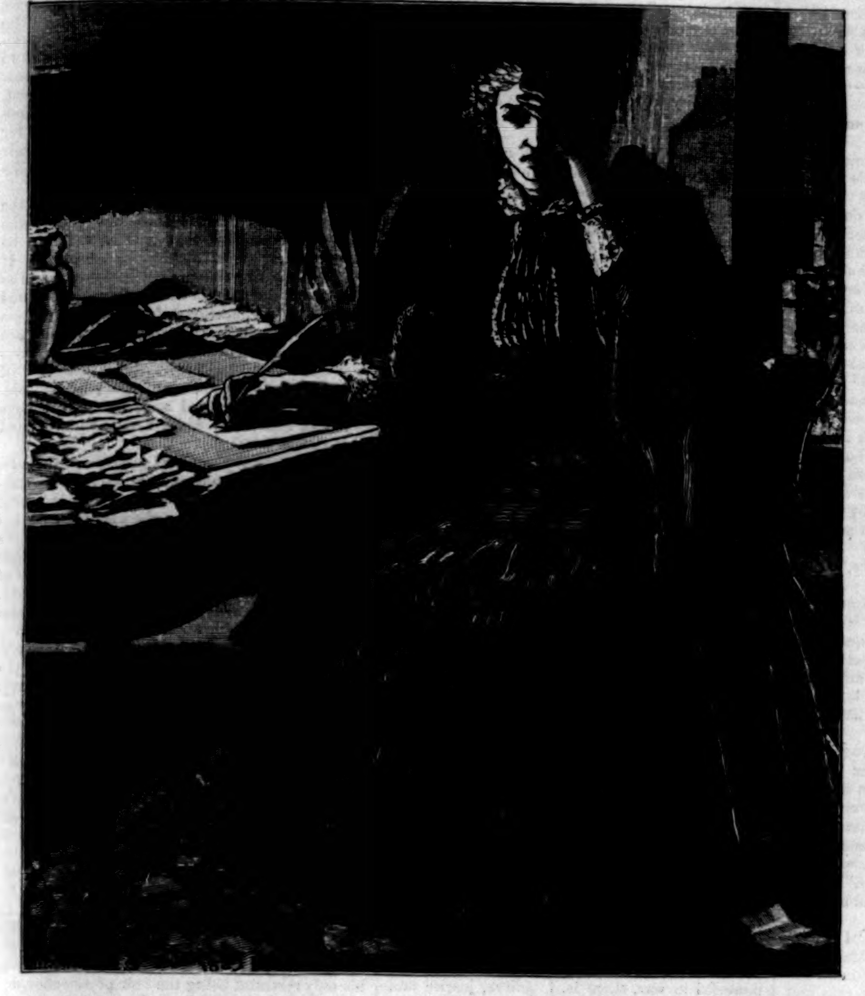


MADAME ETELKA GERSTER.—Photographed by Falk.

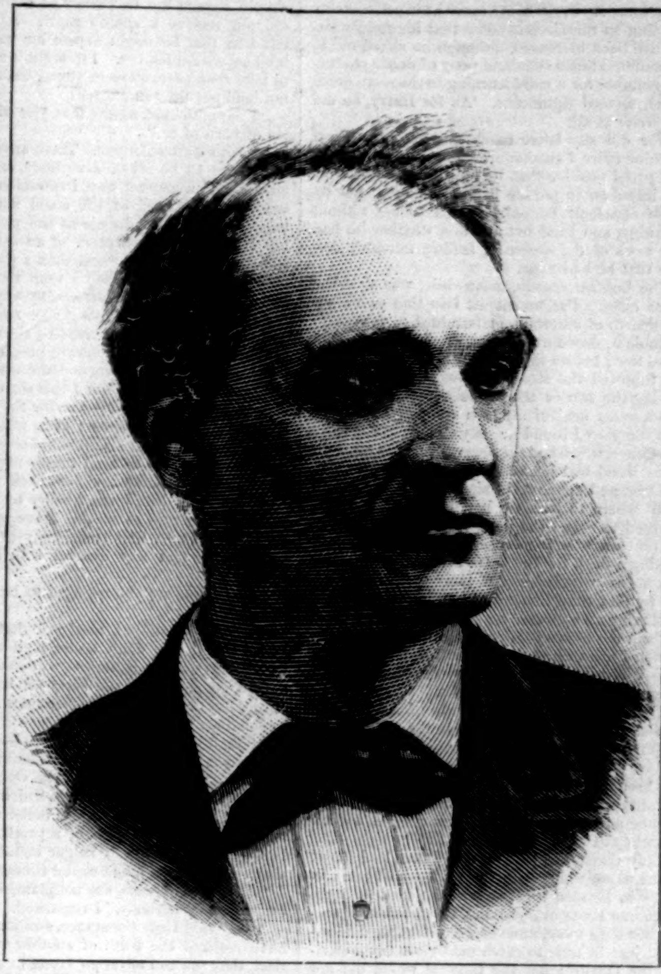


MADAME MARCELLA SEMBRICH.—Photographed by Mora.

THE FOUR PRIMA DONNAS.—[See Page 787.]



"THERE WAS SILENCE, EXCEPT FOR THE SCRATCHING OF HER PEN."



HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. M. BELL.

THIRLBY HALL.*

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—(*Continued.*)

I RECEIVE ADVICE FROM HARRY AND MR. SOTHERAN.

I RETURNED to town, meditating over Harry's advice, which seemed to be well meant, and wondering what Lady Constance would say to it all. I expected to meet her at a dinner party that evening; but when the time came she failed to make her appearance, having, as subsequently transpired, sent an excuse at the last moment. I was not sorry for this respite, as I thought matters might be more comfortably discussed in Hill Street, whither I repaired as early as possible on the following afternoon.

The door was opened, after some little delay, by a young man in plain clothes, who looked as if I had interrupted him in the act of brushing the powder out of his hair. It appeared to me that he was struggling with a smile, as he said, briskly, "Ladyship's left town, sir."

"By Jove!" I ejaculated, involuntarily; and then I proceeded to ask when Lady Constance had left, and how soon her return might be looked for.

"Not coming back at all, sir," replied the ex-footman, evidently much enjoying my discomfiture. "Her ladyship left yesterday morning for the Continent."

I was so astounded that I turned, without another word, and should have walked away, if I had not at this moment become aware of the slow and majestic approach of a well-known white waistcoat. I could not refuse myself the pleasure of watching Mr. Sotheran's demeanor under the blow which was about to fall upon him, and I stood aside as he mounted the steps.

He recognized me with much affability—"How do you do, Mr. Maxwell?—how do you do? Warm afternoon, is it not?"—and marched on unsuspectingly to receive his sentence from the lips of the servant, who was now grinning delightedly.

For a moment he was evidently staggered. His eyes became as large and round as those of the First Dog in the fairy tale of the Tinder-box; his jaw fell, and he gasped out, "Eh?—what?—gone abroad?" But presently he regained his customary phlegmatic calm, and drew out his card-case, merely observing, "I had an appointment with Lady Constance for this afternoon."

"Indeed, sir? Dear me, sir!" said the young man, upon whose manners sudden emancipation from the shackles of livery seemed to have produced a deleterious effect.

Mr. Sotheran frowned at him heavily. "I presume that you are no longer in Lady Constance's service," said he. "Has she broken up her establishment, pray?"

"Yes, sir. We was took by surprise, having been given to understand as we should be wanted for another month at least."

"Well, you got a month's wages, I suppose," said Mr. Sotheran, shortly. "What is Lady Constance's present address?"

"Her ladyship didn't leave no address, sir."

"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Sotheran; "she must have left some address for her letters."

The young man said he would inquire, and came back, after a short absence, with the somewhat startling information that letters were to be forwarded to Poste Restante, Constantinople.

Mr. Sotheran and I walked down the street together, community of misfortune making us almost friends for the time being.

"This is a bad job," I remarked. "She has gone to have a look at the war, of course."

"No doubt she has," agreed my companion. "Yes; no doubt that will be it. It is, as you say, an unfortunate freak, and one that may be attended, I fear, with considerable risk. The last accounts of the cholera are most alarming. I almost question," he continued, speaking rather to himself than to me, "whether I should not do well to follow her."

"I hope to goodness you won't do that!" I exclaimed. And when he asked me why he should not, I answered, not very civilly, "Oh, well, you might get the cholera yourself, you know."

"I should not allow myself to be deterred by any fears of that kind," said Mr. Sotheran.

"But might you not allow yourself to be deterred by fear of intruding where you were not wanted?" I suggested; for, not being able to go to Constantinople myself, I was unwilling to allow my rival so great an advantage over me.

"My young friend," said Mr. Sotheran, not unkindly, "you are, of course, aware of the hopes that I entertain with regard to Lady Constance. I have been told, and I believe that there is a foundation of truth in the rumor, that you yourself have similar hopes. Will you allow me to advise you, in all good faith and sincerity, to dismiss any such vague notions from your mind? The fact is that you have not the ghost of a chance against me."

"You are very modest!" cried I, laughing. "How can you possibly tell what my chance may be?"

"Don't misunderstand me," went on Mr. Sotheran; "I am far from asserting that Lady Constance may not prefer your society to mine. But when it comes to so serious a question as that of marriage, I have advantages over you which every man and woman of the world must at once see and admit. I have reason to believe that Lady Constance does admit them."

So had I, but I didn't say so. I contented myself with observing that Lady Constance was not always and altogether influenced by considerations of wordly wisdom.

"I think, however, that she will prove to be so in the present instance," Mr. Sotheran rejoined. "So far as I am concerned, you are very welcome to try your best with her; but I warn you that you will be disappointed. I have, in short, made up my mind to succeed," he concluded, calmly.

"And do you consider that an infallible recipe for success?" I inquired.

Mr. Sotheran paused for a moment before replying. "Well, I have failed in some things, like most men; but that has always been when I have attempted a task beyond my powers. This task is within my powers, and I have no fear of failure. I have been perfectly open with you, Mr. Maxwell," he added, "because, in spite of the—may I say juvenile petulance?—with which you have sometimes treated me, I like you, and because I think it is a pity that you should waste your time in the pursuit of shadows. Believe me, you will do very well without Lady Constance Milner. I will even go further, and say that, in my humble opinion, Lady Constance is not good enough for you. I am by no means blind to her defects, I can assure you; but the difference between us is that you will outgrow your present fancy, whereas I am too old to change. Good-evening to you. Think over what I have said."

And Mr. Sotheran turned into Brooks's, while I walked on, somewhat nettled, but with an increased respect for my elderly rival. I soon banished him and his warning from my thoughts, however, and fell to busying myself with conjectures as to the cause of Lady Constance's flight. Debt—satiety—caprice—any one of these might have sufficed to send her off on her travels again, and it was quite in accordance with her habits to disappear without taking formal leave of her friends. Yet I thought that she might have made an exception in favor of one of them, and as soon as I reached home I wrote her a letter, in which I gave pathetic expression to this sentiment. Remembering that we had parted almost in anger, I implored her to forgive me, if I had been so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure; I begged her at least to let me know what her movements were likely to be; but, after considering of it, I decided not to bring forward the subject of my cousin's resuscitation. Such an announcement at such a time might be fatal; and if Mr. Sotheran carried out his threat of following her to the East, there was no saying what she might not be brought to consent to in a moment of despondency.

When I had finished and dispatched my letter, I surprised myself whistling in a light-hearted manner, and asked myself sternly what I meant by such conduct. I ought to have been weeping and tearing my hair. I had been deceived—more or less deceived, at all events—by my friend; I had been deserted by the object of my affections; I had been calmly defied by a formidable rival; and I was about to be disinherited by my uncle. Why, then, in Heaven's name, should I feel like a school-boy let out for a holiday?

Being unable to reply to these pertinent questions, either then or the next day, when the same unaccountable gayety of spirits took possession of me, I felt drawn toward obtaining the opinion of an unprejudiced person upon my case; and so it came about that, exactly twenty-four hours after the disappointment which I had met with in Hill Street, I was ringing the door-bell of Mrs. Saville's house in Portman Square.

Mrs. Saville, I was informed, had gone out driving, but further inquiry produced the pleasant intelligence that Miss Dennison was at home and would see me. Under which circumstances, I devoutly hoped that Mrs. Saville's drive might be a prolonged one.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY CONSTANCE MAKES A FINAL CONCESSION.

IT was an immense comfort to me to be able to talk openly to Maud, without betraying any one's confidence. I made her acquainted with all the circumstances relating to my first meeting with Harry, to our subsequent friendship, and to my discovery of his wife and child, not forgetting the episode of Mrs. Farquhar's visit to Richmond, and Harry's explanation of his conduct upon that occasion; and when I had done, she observed that, for a diplomatist, I did not seem to be very quick at distinguishing honest men from rogues.

That Harry was not a rogue, and a very clever one too, she declined to believe. "The whole thing is as clear as daylight," she said. "He has contrived to get what he wants without any assistance from you, because it would not at all suit his book to be indebted to your generosity, and I have no doubt that it is he who has traduced you to your uncle. My only hope is that Mr. Le Marchant may be a little less blind than you. You had better leave them alone, I think, for the present; there can be no use in your going to Thirlby now that matters have reached such a pass."

But although Maud scolded me more than was quite just, and although she had some searching questions to put to me about Lady Constance, whose unexpected departure I was obliged to mention, I spent the best part of an hour so agreeably with her that I walked away at last thinking to myself that perhaps such visits might not be altogether wise. Upon calmer reflection, however, I perceived that, if Maud's vicinity stirred up memories and regrets within me, there was nothing very alarming in that, nor indeed anything new. I had regretted my infidelity to her all along; I should doubtless continue to regret it to the end of my days; but regrets were hardly likely to change either her or me. The romance of my boyhood was dead and buried—so deeply buried that Maud seemed actually to have forgotten that it had ever had any existence. I might perhaps at one time have had a chance of winning her love; but I had thrown that chance away finally and irrevocably. There remained to me her friendship, of which I should be exceedingly foolish to deprive myself, seeing that I had not precisely a plethora of disinterested friends in the world.

Fortified with these convictions, I did not hesitate to dine in Portman Square, as I was invited to do a few days later; and, after that, finding Mrs. Saville and her daughter disposed to be amiable, I spent a good deal of my spare time in their house. After the first few days, Maud and I spoke little of Thirlby and of what was going on there. She yielded a reluctant assent to my proposition that the subject was one which had already been more than sufficiently talked over; and indeed the home news that reached us was of the most meagre description. My uncle wrote much as usual, scarcely alluding to the circumstance that his family circle had been increased, although he asked me to try and find him a Shetland pony of docile character, suitable for a child learning to ride—an order which seemed significant. As for Harry, he did not write at all.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

Nor did any letter reach me from the East. Once or twice I encountered Mr. Sotheran, which was proof positive that he had thought better of his intention to pursue Lady Constance; but on these occasions he only nodded to me without speaking, and I did not ask him whether he had any news of the absentee, feeling tolerably certain that he had none.

The London season, meanwhile, was drawing to its close. Parliament sat late that year; but the dearth of entertainments, added to the alarm of cholera, drove away most of those who could leave town before the end of July; and Mrs. Saville followed the stream, taking Maud with her. During the two or three weeks that followed I had a great deal of my own company, and very dull company I found it. My anxiety about Lady Constance, which had slumbered peacefully enough while Maud had been in London, woke up again and pestered me day and night. If I had known at all where to look for her, I might have been tempted to spend the month of leave which was all that an exacting country would allow me in making a dash for the seat of war; but as there was an even probability of Lady Constance's being by that time fomenting sedition at Warsaw, or stirring up a clearer conception of the political crisis in the breast of a philosophical potentate at Berlin, I abandoned the idea of engaging in any such wild-goose chase. Moreover, the path of duty plainly led toward Norfolk.

Three-quarters of the month of August had passed slowly away, and I was in the act of packing my portmanteau, one evening, preparatory to a move homeward on the morrow, when a note was brought to me, which, on being opened, proved to contain only the following laconic command: "Come and see me any time after eight o'clock to-night at Claridge's Hotel.—C. M."

Lady Constance had returned, then! I gazed at the paper which bore the evidence of her presence in London with somewhat mixed feelings. Of course I was overjoyed at the thought of seeing her once more, and very glad that she had arrived just in time to catch me before my departure for Thirlby; but the thought which did not overjoy me at all was that of the long-deferred statement that I should have to make that evening. Still, it was impossible to foresee what Lady Constance's views might be upon any given subject, and it was some comfort that I had my uncle's authority for assuring her that no irrevocable settlement had as yet been decided upon.

I was at Claridge's at five minutes past eight, and was shown without delay into Lady Constance's sitting-room, where I found her still in her travelling dress, answering letters, of which a large heap lay open upon the table before her. She glanced up as I made my entrance, but did not move or offer me her hand. "Is that you?" she said. "Sit down and read the papers; I shall be ready for you in a few minutes."

I was too familiar with her peculiarities to resent this cold welcome. I did as she bade me, and for some little time there was silence, except for the scratching of her pen as she dashed off and addressed note after note, apparently oblivious of my presence. I scrutinized her features, upon which the light of a shaded lamp fell, and it struck me that her journey had not done her much good. She looked paler than usual, and more care-worn, and from time to time she pressed her hand upon her temples, as though her head ached. At length she threw down her pen, and requested me to ring the bell, and Antonio appearing presently in answer to the summons, she handed her pile of letters to him, telling him to have them posted. Then she got up and took a chair nearer to the one upon which I was seated.

"Well," she began, "did you think you had seen the last of me?"

"I didn't think it would be quite so bad as that," answered I; "but I have been feeling very uneasy about you lately, I confess. Did you get my letter?"

"Your letter? Oh, you mean the one that you wrote directly after I started. Yes; it reached me; but you know I never answer letters unless I am obliged."

"Why did you go off like that?" I asked, reproachfully. "I don't think it was very kind of you."

"Ought I to have asked your permission first? I should have let you know that I was going, but I couldn't tell that you would allow twenty-four hours to pass without coming to see me, and I found it quite impossible to wait. I am not like most people, who grow gradually weary of their surroundings: a disgust for places seizes upon me all of a sudden, and then I feel that it is a case for immediate departure or self-destruction. You would not have liked to find me on the drawing-room floor in Hill Street with my throat cut."

"No; but you might have sent me a line to say that you were leaving, and to give me an opportunity of bidding you good-by. Then at least I should have heard what part of the world you were bound for."

"I didn't think of it. I apologize. It seems, however, that you did discover my destination."

"Only by chance. I was so astonished at hearing of your departure that I was going away without asking any more questions, when Mr. Sotheran came up, and, with great presence of mind, demanded your address."

"Ah, yes. He also favored me with a long letter."

"Which I trust you didn't answer."

"Yes, I did. He wished to know whether I intended to keep my promise of visiting some neighbors of his during the autumn, and he said he should pursue me to Turkey or elsewhere if he did not receive a speedy reply. So I wrote to tell him that he might expect me back in England before September. I thought it unnecessary to take that precaution in your case, as you had not held out the same threat."

"I suppose that means that you wanted to be rid of both of us."

"I can't contradict you. There are times when one wants to be rid of everybody, one's self included. In a general way, I should say that any one who was tired of life could not do better than go to Constantinople at the present time; but I have the constitution of an ostrich, and I suffered from nothing worse than a prolonged attack of the blues. Then I went to Varna, and had a look at the allied armies, by way of raising my spirits. They are dying like so many flies, and though they talk of invading the Crimea and taking Sevastopol, the knowing people say that a peace will be patched up, and the whole expedition will collapse. When I had seen and heard enough horrors to satisfy me for the rest of my days, I retreated to Vienna; after which I looked in upon my brother at Franzenshöhe—who begged me to say all sorts of kind things to you, by-the-bye—and so I made my way back to London. Now you have heard the history of my doings, and it is your turn to speak. Have you made up your quarrel with Miss Dennison yet?"

"I never had any quarrel with her," I answered.

"No? But are you engaged to be married to her?"

"I don't think you need ask that question," said I. "If you don't understand that I shall never marry anybody, unless, by some miracle, it should be yourself, I am sorry for it; but I can hardly say or do anything more than I have done to convince you."

"She is a very pretty girl," observed Lady Constance, abstractedly. "I remember making you quite hot and angry at the Opera by some disparaging remarks about her, which were not in the least sincere. The vulgar belief that a plain woman is always jealous of a pretty one is perfectly correct, like most vulgar beliefs, whatever assertions may be made to the contrary."

"You, at all events, are not plain, and need not be jealous of anybody," I remarked.

"Ah," said Lady Constance, smiling, "I see you have realized the truth of another vulgar aphorism, that you can never go wrong in telling a woman that she is pretty. Stick to that rule, and you will do well. I presume you have been to see Miss Dennison since that night?"

"Of course I have," answered I. "We are very old friends; and though I was in love with her once, she never was at all in love with me. You don't mind my seeing her, do you?"

Lady Constance laughed outright. "Why should I mind? The miracle hasn't occurred yet, you know. Now tell me some more news, if you have any to tell."

"I have one thing to tell you," I replied, eager to acquit myself of my task, and have done with it; "but I don't know whether it will interest you. You remember the story of that cousin of mine who was sent away from home in disgrace, and whom I was in a sort of way supposed to replace? Well, my uncle has almost made up his mind to pardon him. At least Harry has been staying at Thirlby for some weeks upon trial, as it were, and I believe I may look upon it as tolerably certain now that I shall never be one of the landed gentry of Norfolk."

Lady Constance, who had up to this point been lying back, with her eyes half closed, and had spoken in a weary, apathetic tone, sat up in her chair now, and looked at me anxiously. "Do you mean to say," she asked, "that you have been so insane as to put this man in your place?"

I explained that my cousin's restoration was due to no efforts made by me on his behalf, but simply to the fact that he had a wife and child, of whose existence my uncle had until lately been ignorant.

"A wife and child!" repeated Lady Constance. "This sounds serious. What sort of a wife, and what sort of a child?"

"His wife," answered I, "is a very good sort of woman in her way; but she is not a lady, and I am afraid she will never be made to resemble one. The boy, of course, can be sent to school and formed like other boys."

"H'm! I wouldn't give a five-pound note for your chances. Let me see: what was it that cousin of yours did? Was it forgery?"

"No; I am sorry to say it was cheating at cards," I answered. "But this happened a good many years ago, and—"

"Ah, I remember now," interrupted Lady Constance. "That man Chapman told me the whole history, but I did not attend particularly to what he said. Probably he knew very little about it."

"He ought to know as much about it as anybody," I observed. "I am free to disclose now that his name is not Chapman, but Harry Le Marchant. It was his own history that he told you."

Lady Constance started visibly, and I asked her, laughing, whether she was very much astonished.

"I am indeed!" she said; "I am astonished beyond measure. I have always been told, and I have always believed, that it takes a sharp man to make a fool of me; but your gifted cousin has successfully accomplished that feat. He must be a very finished rascal. I wonder, now, what interest he had in taking me in!"

"I don't think his assuming a false name was so very unnatural," I remarked.

"I was not thinking about his name. What I should like to arrive at is his motive for having urged me to marry you."

"If he did that," said I, "I believe it was out of pure good-will."

"So I should think!" returned Lady Constance, sarcastically. "I never did the wretched creature an injury," she went on. "On the contrary, I always paid him well, and I was more polite to him than ninety-nine people out of a hundred would have been; and yet, knowing all the time that he intended to cut you out, he actually had the audacity to tell me in so many words that your expectations were as assured as anybody's in the kingdom."

"It looks rather awkward, I admit," said I; "but the explanation is simple enough. He never believed that my uncle would be induced to overlook his offense; and indeed I don't know that he wished very much to be forgiven."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CONDITION OF THE FREEDMEN.

By FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

WHETHER the lately emancipated slaves in the Southern States have made any sensible degree of progress since they obtained their freedom is a question often put to me in a tone of doubt and denial. Another question, equally pertinent, and even more momentous in view of the history of Yazoo, Hamburg, and the recent slaughter at Danville, is this: Have the recent slave-holders made any sensible degree of progress in civilization since the emancipation of their slaves? Are they more industrious, honest, and humane than when they bought, sold, and flogged their fellow-men to toil for them without wages? These two questions, like the two sides of a horse, should go together, since they are largely dependent upon each other. Plainly enough the recent bondsmen can make little progress without the consent and co-operation of the ruling class among whom they live, and who own the land upon which they live. Nobody seems to doubt the progress of the masters, but everybody is curious to know how the freedmen are getting along.

Well, it is not for me to speak for the late slave-holders. They have never been in want of defenders. It is mine, by your leave and magnanimity, to speak for the class less favored. The answer to the question now put to them is of vital importance. If it shall be found that the freedmen are progressive and improving, that they only need time, patience, and a fair chance in the race of life to become useful citizens, making the nation prosperous in peace and powerful in war, there is, I believe, justice and generosity enough in the American people to supply the needed conditions of success. If, on the other hand, they are found to be non-progressive, worse masters to themselves than their old masters were to them, that liberty neither improves their character nor condition, they are sure to be treated in the end as cumberers of the ground, and will in due season perish from the earth. Civilization is all love and tenderness toward whatever accords and co-operates with it, but implacable, cruel, and remorseless to all obstacles. It spares neither forest, mountain, nor ocean, and it will not spare Indian, Mongolian, or Ethiopian. All must go along with it, or be crushed beneath its swift-flying wheels.

Before answering *pro* or *con* concerning the progress of the freedmen, candid men will see the justice of another inquiry, namely, what these people were before they were emancipated, under what conditions they were emancipated, and what have been the means of improvement within their reach since they were emancipated? All will admit that it would be manifestly and grossly unfair to judge the freedmen without taking their antecedents into account. They should be measured, not from the height yet to be attained, but from the depths from which they have come.

My relation to these people does not make me close my eyes against facts favorable or unfavorable to them. I know no race in my regard but the human race. The same feeling that led me to risk my life to save that of a white boy in my boyhood made me espouse the cause of the slave as soon as I was able to think.

The question asked at the beginning of this article includes mental, moral, and material improvement. What the American people want to know, and have a right to know, is whether the lately enslaved lead better lives and have made for themselves more comfortable conditions of existence than in slavery—whether during these twenty years they have advanced, stood still, or retrograded.

Let us first compare their mental condition of twenty years ago with what it is at present. Prior to emancipation the colored intellect of the South made no visible sign—and could make no sign—of life or power. It was suppressed and shrouded in darkness. Letters were unknown. The law made fine and imprisonment the penalty for teaching one of these sable children to read. So far down were they in the scale of intelligence that they were deemed by many incapable of mastering the rudiments of an English education. Even in religion nothing more than oral instruction was allowed them. "Servants, obey your masters, and be contented with your lot," was the most they got of this, but of this they got abundance, both by arguments from the pulpit on Sunday and by the rhetoric of the lash in the field on Monday. In those days a colored man who could read was a curiosity, and was generally set down in the estimation of the white people as a dangerous character. It would be easy to enlarge upon this mental midnight darkness, but I will leave something to the reflection of the intelligent reader.

I affirm that in nothing have these illiterate and benighted people made more progress than in the acquisition of knowledge. There are now in the Southern States, according to statistics in the Bureau of Education at Washington, between two and three hundred thousand colored children attending schools during some portion of the year. Of course this is but a small proportion of the children there of school age, and for whom there is no provision. The amount of illiteracy is therefore still great and deplorable. The indisposition inherited from slavery to allow the States to be taxed for the education of the laboring classes is still strong, and the general government, which had no hesitation in crossing State lines to catch slaves, has thus far too much respect for the sovereign dignity of the States to cross their lines to secure civil rights or education to its citizens.

It may be adduced as a fair argument that the freed people have made some progress in the matter of education, that now nobody can be found to deny their capacity for education. If any such could be found, they would only need to visit the public schools here in Washington, and witness the qualifications of the colored teachers and the aptitude of the colored pupils to have their doubts and denials made ridiculous. Colored children, to the credit of the statesmen of twenty years ago, have commodious school-houses, competent teachers, and are pursuing the same course of study that white children pursue, and with almost equal success.

With respect to the moral progress of the lately enslaved class I am sorry to speak in a somewhat lower tone. But the same rule of judgment should be applied here as elsewhere. They are in this respect, as well as others, the legitimate results of their antecedents. The sense of right and the voice of conscience had little chance of cultivation in the relation of master and slave. Conduct in that relation was guided by force and fear. Mutual interest and common welfare were excluded from that relation. Its corner-stone was composed of the blood-cemented fragments of the moral constitution of human nature. Each party to it found himself impelled to do that which was not to the advantage of the other. They were mutual enemies on the same territory, and in daily unfriendly contact. In his notes on Virginia Mr. Jefferson says, "The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unlimited despotism on the one part, and degrading submission on the other." In such a state of society the moral sense was blunted, and the voice of conscience suppressed. The attributes of a manly character such as liberty now demands had no chance of development. The master forced what he could and all he could from the slave, and the slave in turn stole all he could from the master, his only restraint being the fear of detection and punishment. He was born into a society organized to defraud him of the results of his labor, and he naturally enough thought it no robbery to obtain by stealth—the only way open to him—a part of what was forced from him under the hard conditions of the lash. I do not pretend to deny that there was ever a generous slave-holder or honest slave, for I know the contrary, but I equally know that the system made tyrants of one class and thieves of the other.

As to social relations, the system was even more destructive and deadly. Its victims were herded together like horses, sheep, and swine, without the restraints of moral instruction or decency. The master was made more important by every addition to his slaves. Marriage did not exist; the family was abolished. The young had no reputation to gain, and the old had none to lose.

Let it be remembered in respect to the morals of these people that streams are not easily diverted from well-worn channels; that the moral character formed under the conditions thus feebly described is not easily or speedily reformed. There is not only much to learn, but much to unlearn. It is sad to think of the multitude who only dropped out of slavery to drop into prisons and chain-gangs, for the crimes for which they are punished seldom rise higher than the stealing a pig or a pair of shoes; but it is consoling to think that the fact is not due to liberty, but to slavery, and that the evil will disappear as these people recede from the system in which they were born.

From what has been now said it must not seem that I have conceded that there has been no improvement in the manners and morals of the freedmen since emancipation. I do not admit any such thing, for in morals, as in mental power, according to my knowledge, obtained from many sources of information, there is a visible and growing improvement both as to honesty and chastity. What was once done among these people not only with impunity, but with mirthful boasting, and without apparent sense of wrong or shame, does not now escape the rebuke and reprobation of a large and growing class of their own color. There is everywhere among them a dawning recognition of the new order of life and society into which freedom has brought them, and they are gradually adjusting themselves to the requirements of a higher civilization. Churches, preachers, teachers, Sunday-schools, night schools, day schools, singing schools, and other schools, societies for mutual aid, debating societies, libraries, and literary clubs, lawyers, doctors, editors, and newspapers, have sprung up and have multiplied with wonderful rapidity. These come not from immorality. Sin is death to such effort. They show an upward tendency which may well invite patient and benevolent effort in their behalf, and justify Mr. Slater in his magnificent donation to the cause of their elevation.

It is noticeable, too, that the old camp-meeting emotional religion is subsiding among them, and that thought is taking the place of feeling. In the dark time of slavery, when this world held only toil, stripes, and pain for them, they were easily wrought into paroxysms of momentary joy by the painted and promised glories of another world. They are now beginning to see that something can be made of this world as well as of the other. Of course some of them are still wearing the old cast-off theological hats and coats of fifty years ago, but the young people who have learned to read and write have no further use for these old garments. They now demand an educated, chaste, and upright ministry. This spirit of improvement has cost the old-time preachers many sighs and groans. They see in it only decline of true religious feeling. However that may be, it is evident that morals and manners have gained by the change, and will continue to gain as the lamp of knowledge grows brighter among them. No doubt that even the wild incoherent Sambo sermons were a help in time of slavery. It was something to be told that their suffering time would soon be over, and that for stripes on earth they would have stars in heaven, even though it was clumsily and wildly told; but the rant of those days will not do for these. These old-fashioned preachers minister to passion, decry the intellect, and induce contentment in ignorance and stupidity, and are hence a hinderance to progress. The effect aimed at by their preaching is to excite feeling, and raise a shout—a thing which can be as well done by an eloquent stump-speaker as by any modern Whitefield.

Among the instrumentalities which have been most effective in lifting up these people to a higher plane of life none is more worthy of mention than the American Missionary Association. While it has taken the church among the freedmen, it has not forgotten to take the school-house. But nearly all denominations, Catholic as well as Protestant, have rushed into this vast field, each after its kind, to labor for the salvation of the late slaves. This is the more surprising in view of the long years during which our churches could more easily see the heathen thousands of miles over the wide waste of waters than at home. But let the dead past bury its dead.

I now come to the question as to what was the physical condition of these people before emancipation; and in referring to it I bear in mind that I am speaking to many of a generation to whom slavery is little more than a name, and who have no adequate idea of what that name covered. I have had this class of readers in mind in all I have said, and I deem it fortunate that you have allowed me to speak my word on this subject through your respected journal. With the exception of a few highly favored house servants, the physical condition of the slaves was indescribably wretched. A bushel of corn and eight pounds of salt pork per month were considered a large allowance for a full-grown man. The huts in which they lived left them largely exposed to the mercy of the elements. Their beds were boards, and their covering a miserable blanket, with which they were served not even once a year. Much of the time they were worked under the lash in all weathers. Want, exposure, and cruelty brought to them bodily ills and general physical deterioration often to the extent of repulsive deformity. That physical well-being is essential to physical perfection is easily demonstrated both in the case of man and beast. Men laugh at the irregular make-up of the negro, but forget that no people, white or black, could preserve the finer attributes of physical manhood subjected to two hundred and fifty years of slavery. The woes of the slave mother can be read in the faces of her children. Slavery has twisted their legs, flattened their feet, and imparted a depressed and cowardly aspect to their features. Let those who laugh rather be ashamed of the crime against human nature which has produced the deformity over which they make merry.

Looking at the freedmen to-day, in that class which remains on the old plantation, we see but little improvement in food or raiment, in form or feature. Twenty years are but a speck in the life of a race. Still, even here there is improvement. Many have managed to get a few acres and a little home of their own. In the State of Louisiana colored people pay taxes on more than twenty millions' worth of property, and in Georgia, according to the late Senator Hill, of that State, they paid taxes five years ago on six millions. I doubt not of a showing equally creditable in North Carolina, Virginia, and other of the old Slave States. The manner in which these people were set free should never be overlooked. No people were ever emancipated under conditions more unfavorable for good results. The Israelites had spoils of the Egyptians; the serfs of Russia had three acres of land given to each head of a family; the West India slave was permitted to remain upon the old plantation; but the American slave was turned loose to the open sky without money, land, or friends, and, worst of all, under the fierce resentment of those who owned the land from which he must obtain his bread. These in the heat of momentary wrath drove him away; and away he went, free, but free only to want, hunger, and pain; free to the chilling blasts of winter, free to starve. Off he went with his sick and well, young and old, and the infant in arms. Many died, and the mortality for a time caused the belief that the race would speedily die out. From the gallery of the United States Senate I heard an able Senator from the North answer Mr. Sumner's plea for suffrage with the remark that it was useless to legislate for these people, since they were sure to die out in a short time. But the old masters who thus resented emancipation relented, if they did not repent, and after a time called back the freedmen to their old fields and quarters. They saw that they had sent away the hands, but had left the mouths, and that they still needed the negro to work their fields—a fortunate discovery for both. Instead of dying out, as predicted, the census tells us these people have increased ten per cent. faster than the native-born white people of the South.

In conclusion:

When I consider that these people have only been free during the last twenty years, and that this freedom has been more in name than in fact; when I consider the manner in which their emancipation was brought about, not with the consent, but against the consent, of the masters; when I consider the fact that it was born of blood boiling over on the battle-field, the wounded pride and sullen determination it left in the old master class smarting under defeat, and the many obstacles thrown in the way of the progress of these people—I am far from discouraged or dissatisfied. On the contrary, I see the colored people steadily rising, and I believe they will ultimately fully justify all the endeavors made in their behalf, and fulfill the highest hopes of their friends.

WASHINGTON IN WALL STREET.

The rain-storm which fell upon New York upon the hundredth anniversary of the last day on which a foreign soldiery trod its streets was a serious public misfortune. We have no knack, as a rule, at making pageants. But the pageant which was to celebrate the centennial Evacuation-day was arranged, and would have been carried out, with a liberality and comprehensiveness, and at the same time with a measure and decorum, that would have impressed the importance of the event celebrated upon every man and woman, native born or foreign born, in this great and diverse capital. There does not seem to have been a detail of the programme nor of its execution, so far as it was executed, from the formal "exercises" of the day to the least pretending decoration of a dwelling or a shop front, to which just exception could be taken.

And even the chill November rain could not deprive the ceremonies of their greatest and best impressiveness—that which came from the evidence that the celebration was spontaneous and popular. Those who, with Emerson, "have not the smallest interest in any holiday except as it celebrates real and not pretended joy," must have been cheered to see the universal glow of patriotism that many waters could not put out. An occasion which assembled the President of the United States and the Governors of seven States of the old thirteen would have been memorable in any event; but it was not the official but the unofficial celebration which was most memorable, the tens of thousands standing their ground doggedly to see the great procession—of more than 20,000 men, it was reckoned—pass by, that they might not miss the memory of the centennial celebration so soon to become legendary with the event it celebrates.

It was a fortunate thought that the unveiling of the statue of Washington should be the culminating event of the celebration, while the bronze colossus remains as a durable memorial of the day, "and bids the distant generations hail." But, as the readers of Mr. Curtis's oration already know, the event which the statue specifically commemorates is the inauguration of Washington as the first President of the United States within a few feet of the station of this effigy, April 30, 1789. It is not the sworded Commander-in-Chief of the Continental forces, but the first President of the United States, with the fasces of magistracy, whom Mr. Ward's statue represents.

The figure is of bronze, twice the size of life (twelve feet and a half high), and stands upon a marble pedestal level with the floor of the portico of the Sub-Treasury, erected in the centre of the broad flight of marble steps that gives access to the building. Below and in front of the pedestal is a simple platform for speakers, in the pavement of which is imbedded the veritable slab of red sandstone upon which Washington stood when he took the oath of office. It was one of the flags in the flooring of the balcony of Federal Hall, the renamed City Hall, enlarged and decorated by popular subscription, at a cost of $32,000, for the inauguration of the first President and the meeting of the first Congress of the United States under the Constitution, with the hope of securing the seat of government for New York. And this slab was happily saved when old Federal Hall was torn down to make room for the Greek temple which was built for a Custom-house and now does duty as a Sub-Treasury.

The placing of the figure is very fortunate, and the statue justifies its conspicuousness and its size. The only faults found with it have been that it is too large and too glaring. This last drawback a very short season of weathering will amend; and it is not a fault, for the color is in fact unusually mellow for brand-new bronze. It is questionable, however, whether the shining expanse of the right cheek does not aggravate, if, indeed, by throwing the eye into deeper shadow than was meant, it does not cause, the unpleasant expression of this side of the face from any point of view to the southwest of the statue and at a moderate distance. The countenance, lofty and not without sweetness from any other point of view, is from this point of view "lofty and sour"—an expression which the sculptor can not have intended, and could not have passed unamended if it had been in his model, from which, of course, the sheen and reflection of the bronze surface were absent. As to scale, that is in part a question of position and surroundings. It should not be forgotten that the scale of the statue will often be given by a human figure on the rostrum beneath, and continually by passers on the steps, and that a figure nearly the size of life would be dwarfed by this juxtaposition, while a more nearly normal size would be more appropriate in a position where the detachment of the work was secured. But the question of scale is at last a question whether the work justifies its magnitude, and for us this is what Mr. Ward's Washington does. From every point of view the silhouette of the figure is admirable; and in a detached figure it is the silhouette that chiefly counts. The hanging cloak is an excellent device for securing a visible stability and poise, and the action is very cleverly carried to the point, and very decisively stopped at the point, at which animation threatens to become inconsistent with sculptural repose. One can take a circuit from either buttress to any point of view from which the whole figure is within the field of vision without finding an awkwardness, without finding a point of view at which the artist has not been beforehand with him. The one disappointing view of the face we have already noted. But, upon the whole, it may perhaps be said that the figure as well as the face is more commanding and inspiring when seen from the east (the left) side than from the west, though this remark notes a difference merely between the positive and comparative degrees of impressiveness, not between impressiveness and unimpressiveness. From one point of view, to the east, the statue seems to hit the superlative degree in modern sculpture, so large and free and noble it looks. From everywhere it is unmistakably a human figure, the anatomy felt through its vestments, not a stuffed suit of bronzed clothes, and this is a positive attainment in contemporary sculpture. The modelling of detail is everywhere thorough, sometimes exquisite. But what is most admirable is the subordination of all this detail to the outline and attitude, which speak from afar, and make or mar a statue. There is no exploiting of subtleties of treatment, nor of the technical finesse which misleads so many clever modellers. The treatment is large, simple, severe—in one word, sculptural, and the more so, perhaps, in that the sculptor has accepted what we may call the mythic Washington, without undertaking to refine upon it in subtlety of characterization. One is almost tempted to say, in spite of the liability to be misunderstood, that subtlety of conception has nothing to do with sculpture, and is inexpressible by sculpture which is sculpture. Of the statues in New York that are worth talking about at all, more than one is subtler than Mr. Ward's Washington. This one is more characteristic, and that one more intimately expressive, more than one is more picturesque, but it is hard to say that any other is equally statuesque.

It is fortunate that Washington should have been commemorated by an effigy worthy of the duration that seems assured to this. It is especially fortunate that Wall Street should have a lasting reminder in a noble work of sculpture, as it had already in a noble work of architecture, that a man's life really does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The La Crosse *Chronicle* notes appreciatively the presence in that town of the Hon. Nathan Myrick, of St. Paul, who was the first settler upon that spot on the prairie which is now occupied by La Crosse. Mr. Myrick left Prairie du Chien in a keel-boat on November 4, 1841, and arrived at La Crosse Prairie on November 9. It was forty-two years later to a day that the *Chronicle* noticed Mr. Myrick looking around with pride upon a city of 20,000 inhabitants. Mr. Myrick is a vigorous man, and one would not believe, to look at him, that he was twenty years of age when he left his keel-boat and built on the prairie the shanty that grew into the present city of La Crosse.

An account of a "lynching" in Russelville, Kentucky, closes with the assurance, "The mob is said to have been composed of the best citizens." It is to be inferred that the hanging took off nobody more valuable than one, perhaps, of the second-best citizens.

A red-skinned urchin of the Western wilds abandoned the religion of his fathers for that of the pale-faced missionaries, and was sent to England to be educated at Eton. In an unfortunate moment of displeasure a tutor soundly birched the youngster. Shortly afterward the tutor was mysteriously scalped, and the red-skinned student was seen at Eton no more. The young American who thus distinguished himself by carrying away what no other student had ever acquired at Eton was none other than Sitting Bull. All American journals using this information are indebted to the Paris *Figaro*, whose intimate knowledge of persons and things in this country has on countless occasions helped out the American press.

A person who describes himself as "a gentleman on the wrong side of middle life, with a family at home," writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of his purchase of a stamp in an English post-office where young women clerks are employed. Two girls were behind the counter when he asked for his "Queen's head," and though they heard his request, he avers, they continued the conversation which engaged them. "And did he kiss you?" one of them asked, while he waited. The other assured her that "he" did; and this important point being settled, one of the girls condescended to hear the waiting man's repeated request.

Locomotive No. 20 on the Detroit, Lansing, and Northern road is known as the haunted engine. Several persons have been killed under the wheels on one side of the locomotive, and the men who are employed about it aver that when the engine is running it gives out a sound on that side like the moaning of a human being in distress. It has been thoroughly oiled, but the mysterious sound can not be stopped. Several persons who claim to have been near support the engineer in the assertion that recently, while No. 20 was standing on the track, and no one was touching the bell-rope, the bell began ringing, and continued for several seconds. There was an "unlucky engine" on one of the New England roads a few years ago, which at last came to be regarded as haunted.

If we may believe the cable report that Queen Victoria weighs two hundred pounds, and is getting comfortably fatter every day, the disturbance caused to her by the news that the Irish societies had invited O'Donovan Rossa to walk in the Evacuation-day parade must have been very slight. O'Donovan said, when he received his invitation, "I chuckle to think what the Queen will say when she hears of it." It does not transpire that she said anything. Perhaps the news was kept from her. The patriot can not in decency find fault if it was. He had his chuckle; she retains her peace of mind. The balance is preserved.

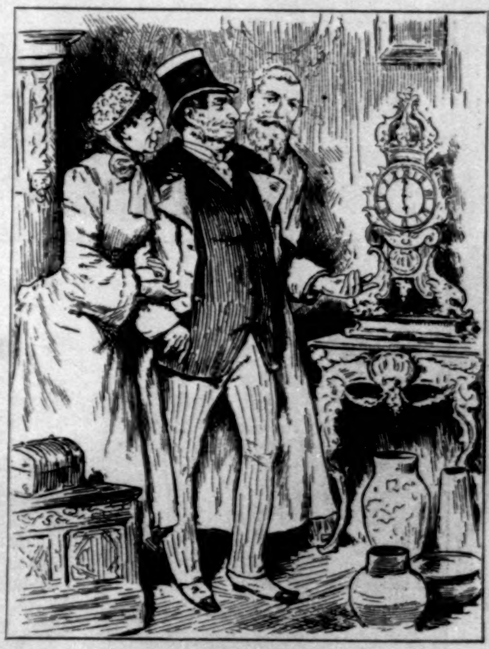
The utility of the telephone is illustrated in some new way every few days. Mr. Ward Hunt, Jun., of Utica, arose the other morning to find that his house had been ransacked by burglars. The dispatch says further, "Mr. Hunt's wardrobe was so depleted that he had to telephone for a suit of clothes." Now if Mr. Hunt had been robbed a few years earlier, or the telephone had been invented a few years later, his dilemma would have called for more than a casual mention.

A Texas paper threatens to print the names of its delinquent subscribers. "Better stick to the old plan of printing the names of those who pay," says a neighbor; "it is easier."

Within a comparatively brief period two residents of Louisville have died of strains suffered while acting as pall-bearers. It is believed that this fact moved Professor J. Lawrence Smith, of that city, a well-known scientific man, to request in his will that none of his friends be asked to be bearers of his coffin, and to direct that six strong men be employed for that purpose. Upon his death six muscular students in a theological seminary volunteered to be pall-bearers; but their services were not accepted, and nine robust laborers were procured in a marble yard, who, still wearing their blouses, went to the funeral and bore the coffin.

It is announced that there is to be in Washington during the coming winter a Russian lady of remarkable beauty, who "speaks English perfectly." Her acquired accomplishment will be less likely than her natural gift to provoke jealousy.

An item in the local column of a Western newspaper notices: "William Lechleidner invites his friends to call at his place, corner of Vine and Third streets, and enjoy a choice pork-and-bean lunch all day Saturday." That seems a long time to devote to a lunch of such a substantial character, but of course there is no deep-seated objection to the whole-souled pursuit of any innocent recreation. The manner in which Mr. Lechleidner's pork and beans were eaten all day Saturday in response to this invitation may be inferred from the following item, which appears in the same newspaper: "The ladies of the Episcopal church met with Mrs. J. J. French yesterday. In the evening a number of young gentlemen were invited in to tea, and partook of the boundless hospitality of the ladies with a very easy and natural grace." When any man eats pork and beans from the rising to the setting of a Saturday's sun, or through the fullness of any other day, it were interesting and commendable to have the grace wherewith he does so of the sort herein specified.

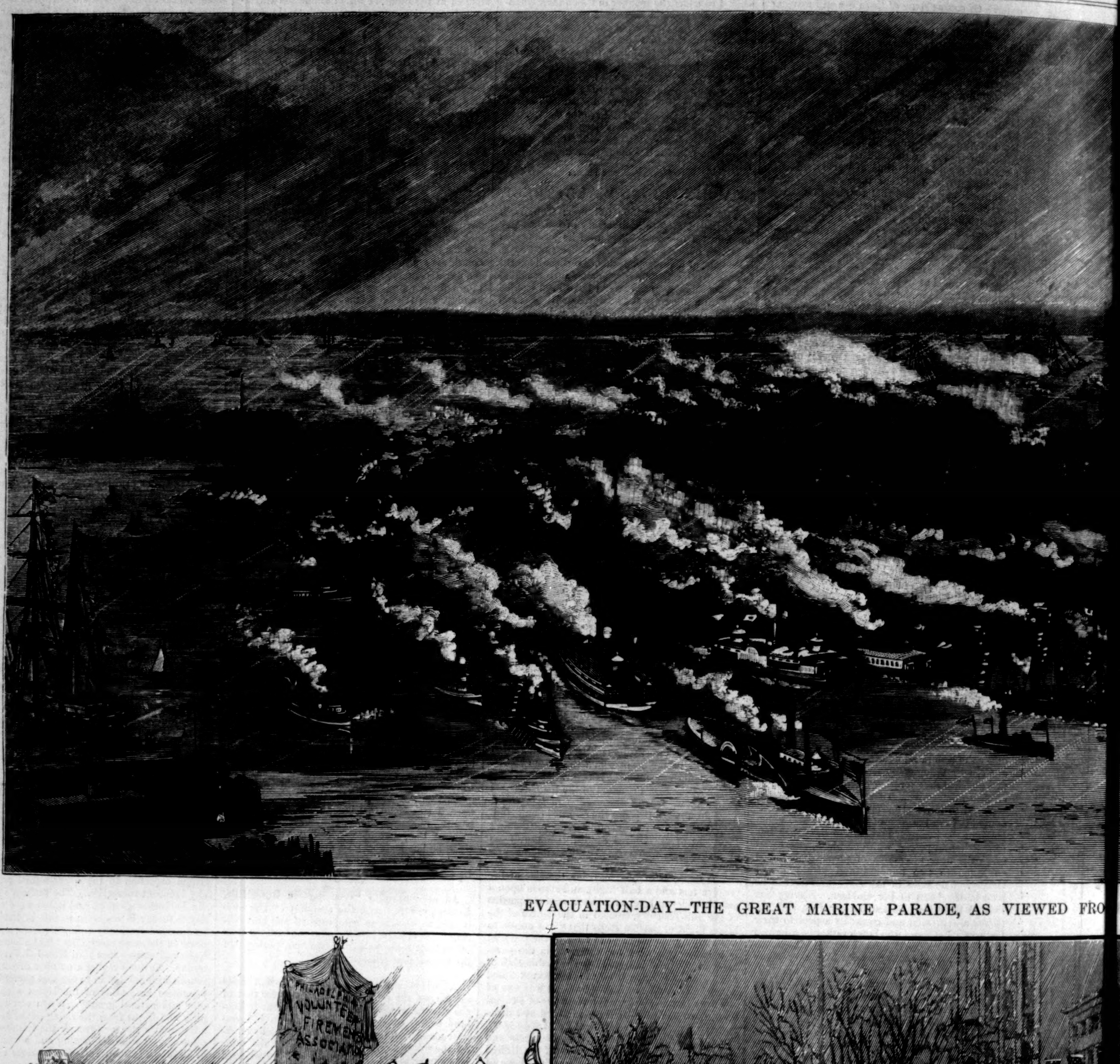


ANTIQUARIAN LORE.

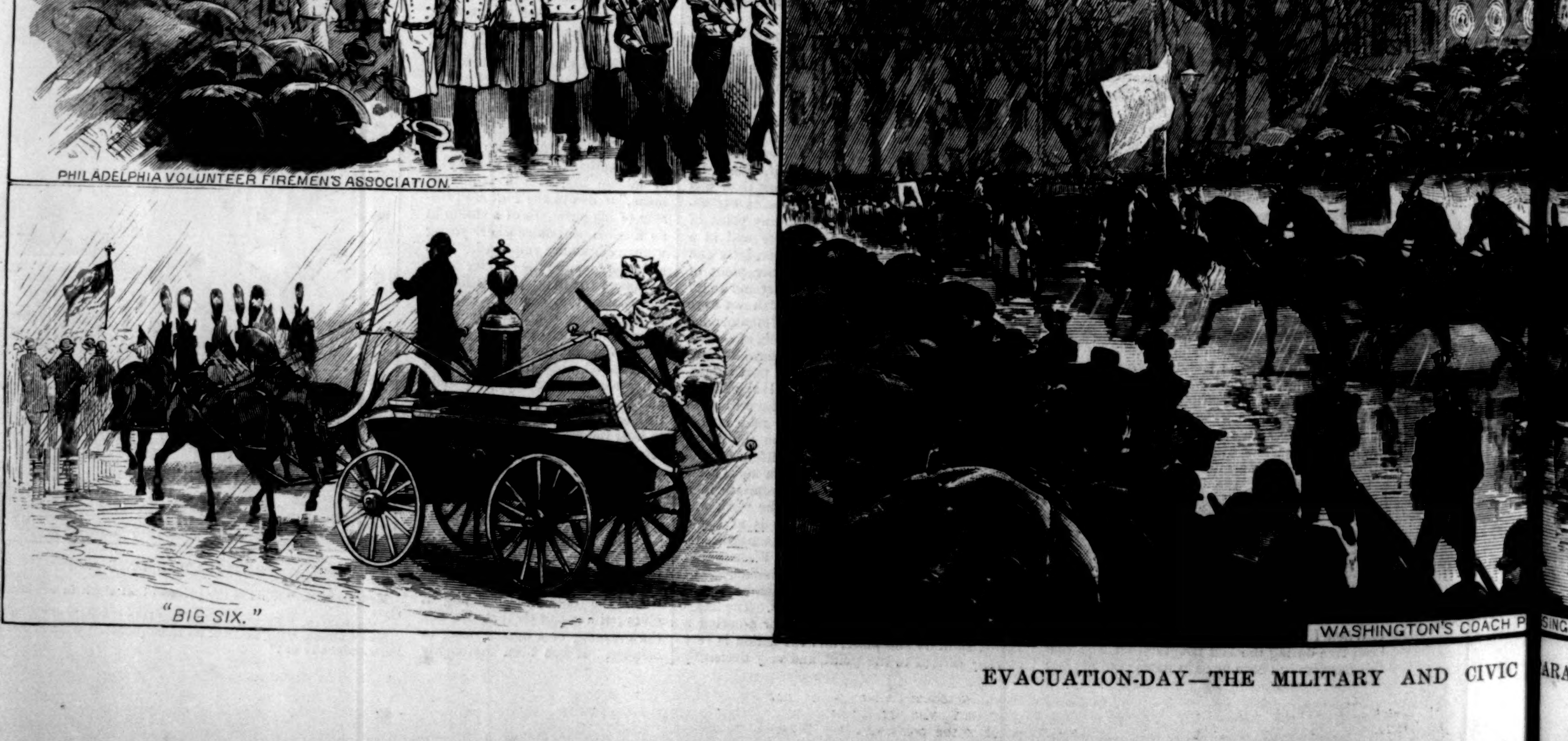
Mrs. Crœsus. "What is the price of that clock in the Louis XV. style?"

Antiquarian. "Excuse me, but that is in the style of Louis XVI."

Mrs. Crœsus. "Oh, that's of no consequence. What is one *Louis*, more or less, to us?"



EVACUATION-DAY—THE GREAT MARINE PARADE, AS VIEWED FRO

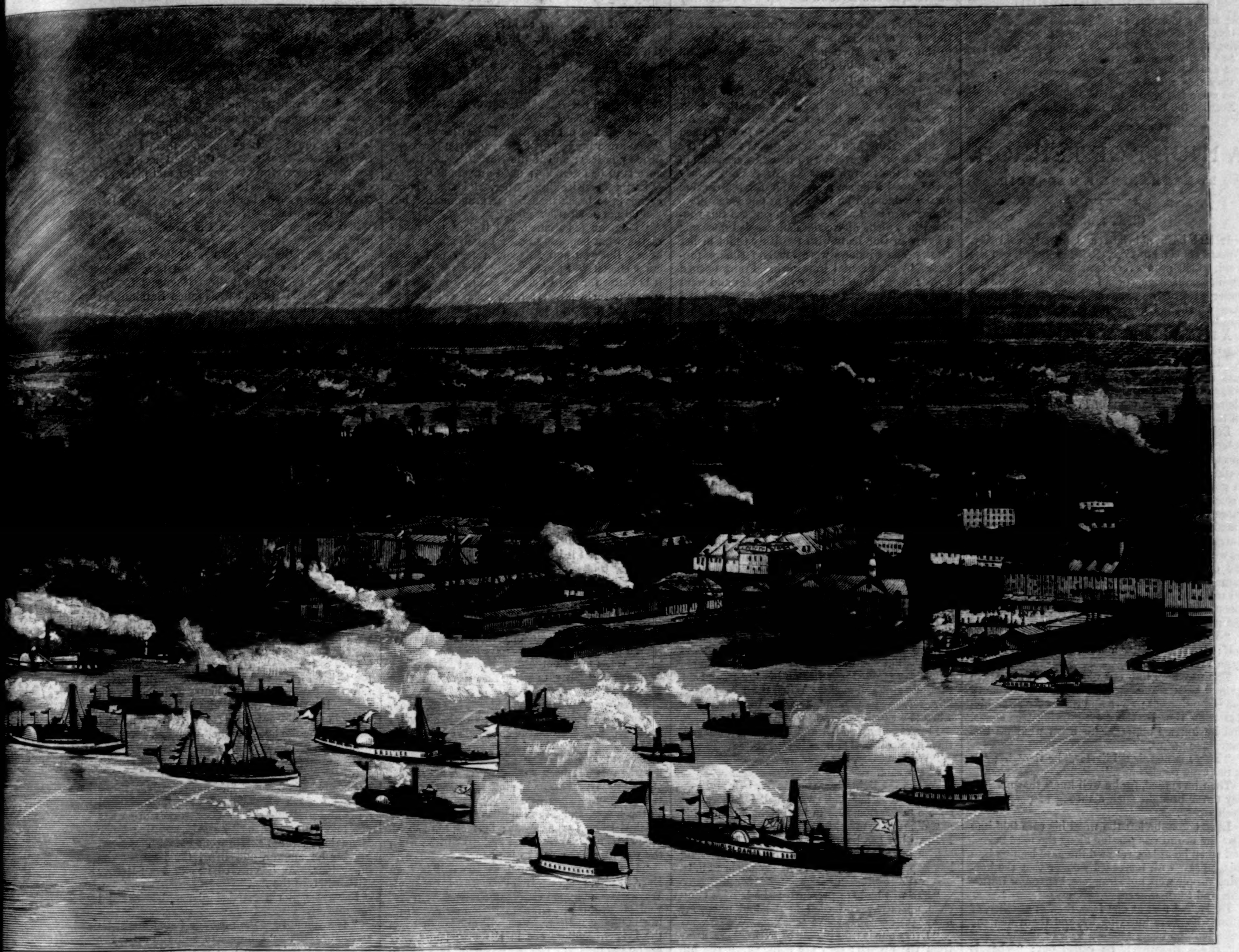

PHILADELPHIA VOLUNTEER FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION

PHILADELPHIA VOLUNTEER FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION.

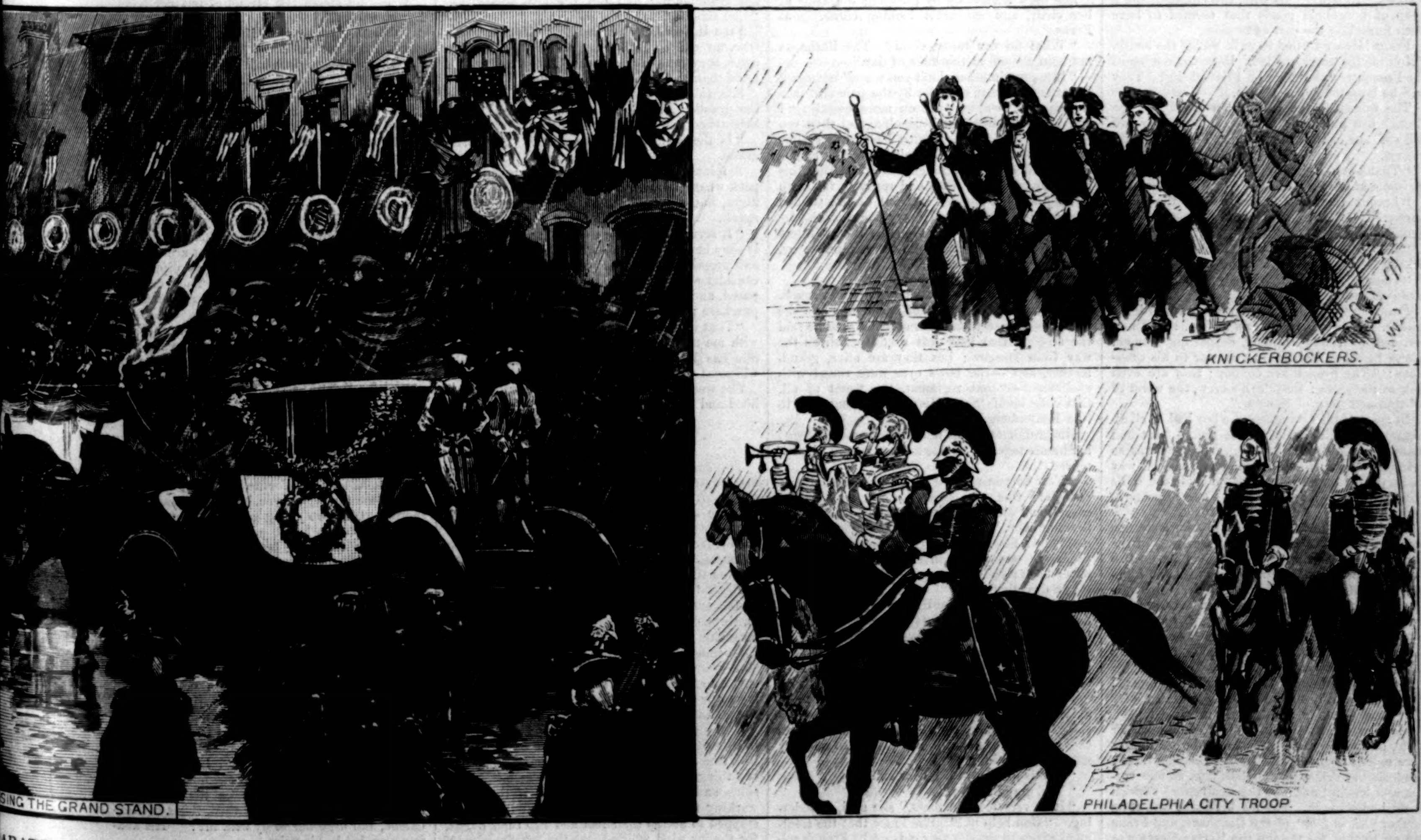
"BIG SIX."

WASHINGTON'S COACH P SING

EVACUATION-DAY—THE MILITARY AND CIVIC ARA



THE BROOKLYN TOWER OF THE BRIDGE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.


SING THE GRAND STAND.
KNICKERBOCKERS.
PHILADELPHIA CITY TROOP.

ARADE.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 783.]

A SWEET FAREWELL.

The snowy blossoms of the clematis
Linger the last of all the fragrant flowers,
Bringing remembrance of the summer's bliss,
And softly blessing autumn's misty hours.
And as—the winter being almost here—
They fade and die, they sweet and sweeter grow,
Like some fair spirits that become more dear
Nearing the time when they from earth must go.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

CHAPTER I.

It had been a bright and bitterly cold day. Toward sunset, however, clouds gathered, and the wind, which grew every hour more intense in its ice-like chill, soon spread these clouds over the upper part of the sky, and banished the brightness which had made the cold seem more endurable.

A lad about twelve years old was standing on the ridge that crested one side of a steep valley. He drew up the fur collar of his coat about his ears and pulled his fur cap down over his face before he began to descend to the river, which almost circled the town of Freitenberg, standing on the heights opposite.

Behind him the sun was still shining in fitful splendor. Ten minutes ago, before the clouds spread over its brightness, the old town, with its walls and numerous gate towers, had been bathed in gold. Now this had changed to a deep gray, except for the gilded vanes of the Rathhaus and those of the twin church spires, and against this massive background carts and horses and figures hurrying out of the city by the Regen-Thor showed with startling distinctness. While the boy on the opposite hill gazed at the multitude which came thronging out of the gate he saw that they all took the same road—that which led down the steep cliff to the one-arch bridge, and so on to the road below where he stood.

"What can have happened?" he said to himself; "it is not quite a week since I went away from Freitenberg."

The way took him out of the open field where he had been standing to a wood on the side of the steep descent; river and road were alike hidden from view by the close-growing tree stems, and he hurried on, eager to learn what all this concourse meant.

"There is no fair till Easter," he thought; "it is not even market-day."

Then he smiled, for he well knew that market-day never brought such a throng of people into Freitenberg.

Long before he left the wood his ears told him that the crowd was passing along the road below, and when he at last reached the gate leading into this, he saw with increased wonder that the hurrying people were not strangers, but fellow townsmen and townswomen.

He looked first at one face, then at another, of those who were hurrying by, and there was the same look on every face—a look of terror.

"Hullo, Heinrich!" he called out; "what is the matter, and where are you all going?"

The man, a big brawny-limbed smith, shook his head, and pointed to the cart beside which he walked. In it were his wife, two children, and a heap of household goods that seemed to have been flung into the cart at random.

Franz Herber turned to walk beside the smith. "No time for words, my lad. Have you not heard the French are marching on Freitenberg? They will be here to-night. Get in, if you will."

The woman in the cart began to sob. "The French are butchers; if they catch us they will kill us," she cried, and she hugged her little ones closely.

"Thank you, Heinrich," the boy said; "I must go home at once to see after my grandmother."

"Lorenz Inchoff will see to her," the smith answered. "You are foolish if you go into Freitenberg."

"How long has this been known?" the boy asked.

"To-day," said Heinrich briefly; and he whipped on his horse.

Franz left him, and went rapidly toward the bridge. Everywhere he saw sullen, sometimes terrified, men and sobbing, despairing women. Those he asked had but one answer to his questions: "The French are coming; they are even now at the gates; that devil's crew, the worst of all that came out of Moscow."

In spite of his excitement the boy had to climb the opposite hill slowly, for the severe frost had made the steep road slippery. The gate was so thronged that instead of trying to force his way in, he passed on along the road outside the walls until he came to a smaller gate, a sort of postern, and through this he entered the town.

Here all was hurry and bustle, making a strange contrast with the leaden-colored sameness of the sky; and by this time the clouds had drooped so low that they seemed almost to touch the high-peaked roofs of Freitenberg. Under this canopy the red roofs looked taller than ever, and every detail of carved wooden gable, of sculptured stone dormer, and the plaster ornament between the multiform and irregularly placed windows showed out vividly.

Many of the houses of this small city seemed made for princely habitation, they were so lofty and stately-looking, though, for the most part, the lower stories were made up of court-yards, or Höfe, as they were called. These larger houses were chiefly found in the Herren-Gasse, a broad, handsome street, with the Rathhaus at one corner, and leading down to the small gate by which Franz had come in. The market-place was at its further end, in front of the Rathhaus, and Franz ran on to this, for though the Herren-Gasse was deserted, he saw a crowd of people at the corner of the market-place, and as he reached it the councillors came out, and one of them stood on the steps of the Rathhaus, and said a few words to the crowd. Then he, too, hurried away, and Franz went back into the Herren-Gasse.

Presently he turned out of it into a much narrower street on the right, and then into a curiously twisting alley leading into one rather wider. Here some of the houses were large, too. All had high-pitched gable ends, but few of them had large Höfe, and the living-rooms were on the ground-floor. Scarcely two houses were alike in either of the narrow streets. At the angle they made stood a house remarkable for the carving on the gable and on the oriel at one side. Two angels were used as brackets to support this window; in a niche above the nail-studded door was a figure of Our Lady with the Holy Child in her arms. The windows were low and square, protected by ornamental iron-work. Franz opened a little door in the large carriage gates and went into a small covered court-yard. He stopped and looked round, but there was no sign of departure here, and then he closed the door behind him.

The court-yard was dark, only lighted by the window of a great stone staircase at its farther end. And on this murky afternoon, if Franz had not known his way well, he must have stumbled against the steps leading up to a door on the left of the entrance; but ever since the death of his parents, some years ago, he had been reared in his grandmother's old house. He hurried up the steps and opened the heavy door, pushed away the curtain that screened its inner side, and went in.

The large low room looked gloomy, but it felt warm and comfortable to the lad, who had been walking so many miles in the cold. Dark woollen curtains were drawn in front of the broad windows, and a fire of logs blazed up the broad chimney, showing the dark projecting oak beams, and the white ceiling between them. The cumbrous table and chairs were all of dark oak; so were the floor and the walls. This room was the kitchen as well as the living-room, so, instead of a closed stove, the broad stone hearth was open.

Beside the hearth an old woman sat in a three-cornered wooden chair, behind her was a huge folding black screen; her spinning-wheel was at her side, but she was not spinning; her withered hands were folded together on her knees, and she sat quite still and silent. When the door opened, however, she gave a quick glance toward it; but when she saw her grandson she smiled.

Franz went up to her and kissed her forehead, then he stood beside her chair.

"Well, my boy, has your time passed pleasantly?" she said.

As the fire-light shone on his fair hair and sun-browned face her smile vanished, for there was such a sad seriousness in his bright blue eyes.

"What is it, my child?" she said. "Tell me, Franz, what has happened to you."

The boy looked round the room. "Nothing has happened to me, and I left my uncle well."

"She will be here presently; she is with Gretchen upstairs. But what is the bad news, my boy?"

"Every one is running out of Freitenberg, away from the French; they are going down the hill and across the bridge like a flock of frightened sheep. I saw all the Councillors leaving the Rathhaus as I came up the Herren-Gasse."

She drew herself up by grasping the arms of her chair, and sat erect looking earnestly at Franz.

"What do you mean, child? The Räthe do not hold council at this time of day."

"But, grandmother, don't you see—" he began, impatiently; then, checked by the pale still face so near his own, he went on more quietly: "I had better begin at the beginning, and then you will understand. This is what I heard as I came along some hours ago—I don't know how long—a man came riding through the Spital-Thor, his horse covered with foam and ready to fall with fatigue when it stopped in front of the Golden Hirsch; the man gasped out, 'The French, the French are coming'; and then the Herr Walters and the Herr Slautchen, who were standing by, took the man into the inn."

"Well?" said the grandmother.

"Well, he came to bring news of the French. Only last week Lorenz Inchoff was telling how the great French army had been defeated, and he said the soldiers that were left would perish on the way from Moscow; but they are alive, grandmother, and"—the boy's eyes were round with excitement—"that regiment, the worst of all, that calls itself 'Sans Merci,' is coming here to ruin Freitenberg."

His grandmother did not speak, but she clasped her hands together as she looked up, and her lips moved.

"Now do you not see why the Räthe called a council? One man said all the gates must be closed, and all the towers over them filled with fighting men. But, grandmother, that puzzled me, for we have no soldiers in Freitenberg—and there are two places in the walls which have never been mended, through which soldiers could get in directly."

"I heard a stir," Frau Herber said; "but Magdalena has been busy all day with Gretchen; she has not been out, and we have heard no news.... We are in God's hands," she went on, after a pause. "It would be impossible to defend Freitenberg without regular troops."

Franz patted her shoulder. "You ought to be a Rath," he said—"that is just what they decided. Louis Werner came out into the Herren-Gasse and told some of the people so as they stood there waiting."

"Is this all you heard, dear child?"

"Yes, grandmother."

"It is very terrible news," she said, shuddering. "God help us!" She knew that the treatment given to unoffending citizens by French soldiery was at that time burning in the minds of all classes. "Did you say many people were leaving the town, dear child?"

"Every one, I think. Heinrich the smith said the French would be here very soon; they will stop the night here, and take all they can get, and go on again in the morning. But I shall not let them rob you, grandmother," he said, proudly; "I shall bar the gates, and fire at them with my father's fowling-piece."

She stroked his hair with her withered hand. "You are a brave boy, Franz; but you must not disobey orders; and if the Räthe say no resistance is to be offered, we must all submit."

Franz stood looking at her. "I saw women crying fit to break their hearts, grandmother, but you do not seem frightened."

"I am an old woman, and it does not much matter what happens to me; I shall stay quietly here. But you and Magdalena may find a securer shelter." She paused. "And yet, perhaps it is better for you to stay. See how far we are from the main streets: the French will keep to them, for they will be worn out with cold and hunger and fatigue. God can keep us as safely here as anywhere else."

Franz shook his head. "No, no, grandmother; we must not stay here to be murdered on our own hearth. If you will not let me fight, we must find some way of escape. If Lorenz Inchoff would let you stay here, I will not."

A door on one side of the fire-place opened, and a woman came into the deeply shadowed corner. Her black dress made her at first indistinct, but as she advanced a fair young face with golden hair like her brother's showed plainly.

This was Franz's sister, Magdalena Herber. She looked at the boy's flushed, eager face, and then she saw that her grandmother was unusually serious.

"Something has been happening," she said. "Tell me what it is."

Franz broke in before Frau Herber could speak: "Magdalena, if you knew some one was coming here to rob the house, and perhaps murder you, what should you do?"

She laughed. "To begin with, there is nothing in the house worth stealing, and there has not been a murder in Freitenberg since I can remember. What has excited you, Franz? Have you been reading fairy tales? You have not even kissed me."

Franz went up to her and kissed her forehead. Of late he had grown impatient of her playful raillery. When he was her Franz, and felt sure that he had no rival in her affection, then Magdalena might do as she pleased; but for some months this had been changed, and Franz felt secretly uneasy. Lorenz Inchoff, the son of one of the wealthy citizens of Freitenberg, often came to the house, and Franz noticed that his sister blushed when Lorenz came; besides, his schoolfellows had jeered him, and had asked him when the wedding was going to happen.

"I am not more excited, as you call it, than Herr Walters is, or Heinrich Tafel, or Louis Werner, or any good citizen of Freitenberg. Ah, well, laugh away! Grandmother does not think it a laughing matter. You will not laugh when the French soldiers are in the town: and they are on the road, and the Town Council says we are to sit still while the butchers rob and murder us."

Magdalena's usually pale face turned very white, while her eyes distended. She went up to her grandmother, and put her arm round her. "Can this be true?" she said.

Frau Herber bent her head. "I fear it is too true, my child. Still, when the French soldiers come, they may not harm us. They can not do more than they are permitted to do."

She said the last words in a low voice, but her grandchildren heard them. The girl's face brightened, and Franz looked a little less confident.

"Is there anything to be done?" Magdalena asked.

A minute ago Franz would have told her to pack what she most valued, in readiness for their flight, but now he waited to let Frau Herber speak.

"It seems to me," she said, "that we may safely stay here; but if Lorenz Inchoff should come and propose to take you both away, then we will consider what he says. Still it is best to be prepared, and it may not be safe to go out late to purchase provisions, my dear child."

"That is what I mean," the girl said. "Come with me now, Franz, or shall I take Gretchen? She has just been telling me of something she will need to-morrow."

She went out of the room quickly to fetch her hood and cloak.

CHAPTER II.

The gates of the Inchoff house in the Herren-Strasse stood slightly ajar, though not wide enough to permit entrance. Any one who had peered into the opening thus made would have seen a large covered court-yard, vast enough to allow more than one carriage to drive in and deposit its occupants at the foot of a splendid stone staircase on the right of the entrance.

Beyond the first court was another, much longer, but narrower, open to the sky, and surrounded on three sides by two tiers of galleries supported on pillars; open on one side to the court. Both these inner and outer Höfe were paved with round stones, and on this bitter winter's day these were covered with household articles of all kinds, waiting to be packed in a long narrow cart, to which three stout horses were harnessed.

Two men in flat cloth caps and jackets, and a bare-headed woman with full skirts, were packing with the most reckless haste, almost throwing one thing after another into hay which lined the sides and bottom of the cart, as if they were working for a wager. Every now and then they stopped to stamp their feet and rub their hands, for the icy wind whirled into the court-yard as if it was bent on freezing the workers, and on dispersing the hay which lay heaped about, ready to pack with.

Above, in the lowest of the galleries, stood a young man about twenty-five years old, leaning over the carved panelling. He had a frank, handsome face, and a well-grown figure. At this moment he looked very impatient. "Be careful, Johann," he called out, as one of the two men below caught up a chased metal goblet and pitched it into the cart. "As well leave the valuables here for the French as damage them by your recklessness. Maria, take that out again, and see that it is carefully wrapped up, and place everything more gently, if you can."

The woman shook her head. "Yes, Master Lorenz, it is well said—'if you can.' Time presses. We don't know how soon the French may be here."

"Yes, yes," the older man said; "we ought to have been away from here before now. Hans B—— says they are but three leagues off. By now the Herr Rath and the Frauen Rathinn are safe at Ahnborn."

"I believe the whole town is leaving," the young fellow said to himself; and then he hurried down the carved staircase, and out through the large double doors (which had been unbarred for the exit of the cart), and went into the street.

This Herren-Gasse—so called because the finest houses of the town stood in it—was silent as the grave. This, indeed, was its normal state, for, except on market-day or on the occasion of any public festival, life and movement were shut in behind the great doors of the houses; the grass grew between its pointed paving-stones. But this afternoon the street which crossed it from the market-place was full; a line of carts and trucks was passing along on its way to the Regen-Thor, on the opposite side of the town, and that by which the French soldiers, in full retreat from Moscow, were expected to enter. Women and children and household goods were heaped into these vehicles, while men walked beside them with sulky, downcast faces, as if they were going against their will.

The young fellow looked at them, and then he went on quickly up a turning at the end of the street. This brought him, as we know, among houses of a different character. Very soon—for the twisted alley was a long one—he stood before the quaint old gabled house with the carved oriel. He turned the handle of the entrance door, but it did not yield; he tried again, and then he rang the long wire bell-pull with a wooden handle which hung beside the gate-post. The door was opened by Franz, but as soon as Lorenz entered, the boy bolted and barred the gates.

Lorenz looked round him impatiently. There were no signs of packing—everything looked quiet and undisturbed. "Your grandmother has not taken alarm, then?" he said, angrily; "nor Magdalena either?" He went on, without waiting for an answer, and lifted the latch of the inner door. As he entered, he saw Frau Herber sitting before the fire.

She gave him a startled glance, but she did not move.

"Did you not get the message I sent you?" he said, abruptly. "I hoped to find you all ready to start. I only waited to see my own people off, and then I came round for you. We have not a moment to lose. Where is Magdalena? I have a carriage and two good horses waiting."

While he spoke she stretched out her hand, and he paused.

"Take the young ones, if you will, Lorenz Inchoff; I can not move."

"You need not; you shall be carried, and when you reach Ahnborn you will not know that you have made the journey."

She feebly shook her head. "I have not stirred across the threshold since winter began, and to-day it seems to me that the cold is bitter enough to freeze one as one sits by the fire. No, Lorenz, I must take my chance. My trust is that in this by-street our house may escape notice, and," she added, "God will watch over me."

"If you stay here," he said, angrily, "you will be butchered by these Frenchmen. I tell you they are the very pick of devils that are on their way here—that regiment that has dipped its name in blood by its cruelties. Their creed is that the old must be rich, and that all means are lawful which can extort money."

Frau Herber grew a little paler, but she kept her faded blue eyes fixed on his glowing face. "Lorenz, my son—for I think you will be my son if you come safe out of these troubles—do not waste time with me; call Magdalena and Franz, and go away with them to Ahnborn. Do not fear for me."

"They will not go without you; I am sure they will not." Then he bent and kissed one of the withered hands that lay on her black gown. He was touched by her fortitude. "Grandmother, forgive me for urging you, but is it not selfish to sacrifice these two young lives? for they will not leave you."

Her lips trembled, but she did not answer. Soon, however, she looked serene again.

"Well," he said, "you will come?"

She shook her head. "I agree with King David," she said, pleasantly—"I prefer to fall into God's hands rather than into those of men. I stay here in full trust that He will watch over me; and look you, Lorenz, these men, merciless though they be, will be foot-sore and exhausted, perishing with cold and hunger. You say they will pass the night here. Believe me, they will keep to the beaten track; they will need food and warmth and shelter from the icy wind; they will not come into the by-ways of the city."

"Perhaps that is true," said Lorenz. "Certainly this is a by-street, and the house is not so tall as some of the others are, but the oriel makes it noticeable. You will not, then, think of Magdalena, and urge her to fly with me?" His anxiety sounded in his voice.

She gave him a smile full of tender pity. "Even if she stays, I do not fear for her, as you do; but call her, my friend, and let her decide for herself."

Lorenz hurried across the room into the outer court, and running up some of the steps of the huge stone staircase at its farther end, he called out, "Magdalena!"

CHAPTER III.

Magdalena had not really believed in the panic which had seized on the little town, but when she went out with Gretchen, the sight of hurrying men and women, the sad, tearful faces, the reckless confusion in which people whom she had always seen calm and collected were leaving their houses, as if they were in flames, thrilled through the girl's sympathetic nature. Two women came hurrying along, and one of them fell down at her feet in an agony of hysterical sobbing. She shrieked and tore at the ground; so convulsed was she that two strong men could scarcely hold her; but at last she was lifted up and placed in a wagon on its way to Ahnborn.

At this the maid Gretchen burst into violent sobbing. "I must go too," she cried. "I will not stay and be murdered, and worse, by those brutes of Frenchmen. Come with me, Fräulein; let us go to Ahnborn."

She began to run along the street, heedless that she had taken the wrong direction. The two men who had lifted the shrieking woman into the cart came up to Magdalena.

"You are Fräulein Herber," one of them said. "This wagon belongs to Herr Walters; there is still room for you and for your maid, and you will be safe at Ahnborn; you will not be safe in Freitenberg, Fräulein," he said, significantly.

Magdalena shuddered with fear, but she shook her head. "You are very kind, but I can not leave the others. Perhaps if Gretchen could go—" then, looking after the maid, she saw that she was almost out of sight. "Wait!" she cried to the men, and then she ran swiftly away.

Terror so possessed Gretchen that when she felt her skirt pulled vigorously she thought herself attacked by a French soldier, and gave a despairing shriek; it took some minutes to assure her that her young mistress had stopped her.

"Hush, Gretchen," the girl said; "I am ashamed of you. Suppose every one behaved as you do! You must quiet yourself."

"I can't," Gretchen sobbed. "There is no use in bidding me come home, Fräulein. I will not stay and be slaughtered like a lamb by those wicked men."

It seemed to the girl that they would be well rid of this excited, frantic creature.

"You are not much like a lamb," she said. "I think you had better go to Ahnborn. There is a place for you in the wagon of Herr Walters."

And when she had seen her placed in the wagon, Magdalena went home. She did not tell in detail what she had seen, or the terror it had aroused in her. Her grandmother's calm sweet face, and the smile of pity she bestowed on the account of Gretchen's alarm, quieted this terror. After all, God could save them if He willed to do so, and if He did not will it, then they might run into equal danger by flight.

Gretchen's absence kept her young mistress well employed, but though she had not told her fears to her grandmother, Magdalena's heart trembled, and she resolved to stay upstairs as long as possible, and thus, like a message of joy, Lorenz's call reached her ears.

"Magdalena!" he called again.

There was a pause of waiting silence; then a door shut and opened overhead, and light steps sounded, and then Magdalena came tripping down the massive staircase—panelled so high up that only a glimpse of her fair hair could be seen moving down the upper flight. In a few moments she appeared on the landing. Her fair sunny hair showed golden as she passed the window, and her sweet young face was full of brightness. She looked very lovely as a faint tinge of color rose in her pale face, and a corresponding glow in her dark eyes, at the sight of Lorenz Inchoff.

She held out her hand, and her lover kept it between both his while he talked with her. They were not yet formally betrothed, so he did not offer her a warmer greeting, and something in the atmosphere of the coming peril gave a certain restraint to his manner. In the face of such danger he who could indulge himself in a caress, it seemed to him, ought to be made of steel.

"Magdalena"—her smile made him think she was unprepared—"have you not heard the bad news? I sent to warn your grandmother; did she not tell you about the French?"

The smile faded out of Magdalena's deep brown eyes, and carried away with it the pretty shell-like pink from her cheek. "Yes," she said, softly, "and Franz has told us."

"You will go with me, then? There is no time to lose."

Magdalena drew back from him. "Oh, Lorenz, I could never leave grandmother. We have sent away the maid, because she was crying with fear, and she has gone in Herr Walters's wagon. How could my grandmother stay here alone?"

"Well, but, dearest"—he again took possession of her hand, as if he felt that that gave him greater power over her—"when she sees that you and Franz are ready and willing to go with me, she will come too."

Magdalena shook her head. "She could not—she must not. I believe she ought to be in bed in this bitter cold; even I can not keep myself warm. If she were to go ever so short a journey, we should find her dead when we arrived." The girl said this with a shiver of horror at herself for using the word in connection with her grandmother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOUR PRIMA DONNAS.

The presence of four great prima donnas in New York is the most remarkable feature of this season of opera. There is not a week during the season which does not afford the public the opportunity of hearing Madame Nilsson, Madame Patti, Madame Gerster, or Madame Sembrich. Indeed, the attractions sometimes offered simultaneously by both houses are so evenly great that it is difficult to choose between them. For instance, on Wednesday of last week the public was confronted with the announcements that Madame Nilsson and Madame Sembrich were to appear at the Metropolitan Opera-house in "Don Giovanni," and Madame Patti at the Academy in "Aïda." The masterpiece of Mozart was pitted against the masterpiece of Verdi, with all its modern glamour, while the greatest living Italian singer, and one but slightly her inferior, were pitted against Madame Patti, who is, I believe, *generally considered* the greatest living Italian singer.

I have been careful to speak of Madame Nilsson as the greatest living prima donna, and of Madame Patti as the prima donna who is generally considered the greatest. Though all four artists are in the first rank, there is a slight gradation in their merits. I would grade them as follows: Madame Nilsson, Madame Patti, Madame Gerster, and Madame Sembrich; and on looking back I find that I unconsciously mentioned them in this order in speaking of them above. I am aware that all the box-holders at the Academy, and many even at the new house where Madame Nilsson sings, will take exception to my placing the Swedish prima donna ahead of Madame Patti. I am sure, however, that the small band of musicians who go to the Italian opera will agree with me, and as it is much easier to acquire a million than it is to acquire correct musical taste, I prefer in this instance their indorsement. At the same time it must be remembered that while distinctions are made in favor of one or the other of the artists, the degrees in which one appears to the writer to surpass the other are very slight, and that each has a band of stanch admirers who unhesitatingly proclaim their favorite the greatest of all; therefore, though Madame Nilsson is placed first and Madame Sembrich last, I have spoken of the latter as one but slightly Madame Nilsson's inferior.

And now why is Madame Nilsson put down as the greatest of the four? On the principle that the artist—be he or she poet, painter, or musician—who gives expression with the greatest sincerity and truth to the greatest passions is the greatest artist. Madame Nilsson excels in the interpretations of music which sways the deepest emotions. It is impossible to imagine her in a flippant, trivial rôle. She leaves the *Rosinas* and *Aminas* to others, investing herself with the majesty and pathos of *Elsa;* and it is as difficult to think of Madame Nilsson interpreting one of the unsubstantial heroines of Italian opera as it is to think of *Elsa* flirting with the *Herald* or making eyes at the *King*. It is her glory that she excels as *Elsa*, the greatest character ever attempted on the Italian stage, though not so great as other heroines of Wagner. To interpret *Elsa* requires majesty and grace, and at the same time dramatic passion far beyond the requirements of Italian opera. Singers who have succeeded with the entire range of Italian heroines have attempted *Elsa* and failed; for this character, while musically beautiful, is dramatically truthful, and its interpretation calls for more than the mere ability to sing. It requires as much study from its dramatic side as any heroine whom Shakspeare created, and the singer who attempts it must possess a fine dramatic method as well as a voice fraught with that mystic clang of passion which we call personal magnetism. Madame Nilsson's native grave and queenly bearing blend beautifully into the character of *Elsa*, who in the midst of her troubles and grief remains a "royal maid." Her sensitive nature, though subjected to the sonorous machinations of *Ortrud* and *Telramond*, is calmed by her simple faith in the dream of her deliverance. She appears like one under the charm of a lovely vision. But when at last *Lohengrin* conquers *Telramond*—when she awakes, as it were, to find her dream realized—she throws herself with ecstasy into the whirl of the wonderful music with which Wagner brings the first act to a close. It is unnecessary to go into details concerning the rest of the opera. Her performance reflects the purport of the drama as well as the spirit of the music. I would, however, call attention to one scene in which, to be true to her conception of *Elsa*, she throws away an opportunity for self-display and applause. It is the scene immediately preceding the departure of *Lohengrin*. I have seen other prima donnas at this point portray *Elsa* as crazed with grief. With Madame Nilsson *Elsa* is so overcome by the fate she has brought upon herself that she stands dazed and almost motionless until the critical moment, when she abandons herself to the emotion she has so long suppressed, and which by contrast comes to the hearer with greater force.

The majority of opera-goers, I believe, prefer her *Margherita*. I fancy this preference exists because, to the operatic public, Gounod's music is more intelligible and delectable—it interferes less with conversation—than Wagner's. Madame Nilsson's *Margherita* is not nearly so complete a conception as her *Elsa*. Though she rises swiftly and surely to the passion and despair of the final climax, she lacks the simplicity of the untutored German maiden in the earlier scenes of the opera. It may not be amiss to add that *Elsa* is Madame Nilsson's favorite character. She says she never enjoyed a performance so much as a representation of "Lohengrin" at the Vienna Imperial Opera, in which she took *Elsa* to Madame Materna's *Ortrud*. Shortly afterward she paid a tribute to the great German singers, which shows that, unlike many who excel in one department or the other of art, she is free from unworthy jealousies. She frankly acknowledged that the great heroines of Wagner's later music-dramas, standing upon heights from which the heroines of Italian opera seem dwarfs, require greater scope of acting and singing for their interpretation than the latter, and that German singers like Materna, who interpret them, are greater than the singers who confine themselves to Italian music—and here Madame Nilsson gracefully included herself in the latter class. But very few who have heard her *Elsa* will agree with her in this modest estimate of herself.

As a mere singer, Madame Adelina Patti is supreme. Her voice is beautiful in quality, she has complete and absolute control over the mechanism of song, and her acting is not deficient in grace and sentiment. Indeed, she shows excellent taste and judgment from a dramatic standpoint. But as she has clung steadily to the light traditional heroines of Italian opera, and has not chosen to appear in any character which requires breadth of treatment, it is not unreasonable to suppose that she finds herself limited by nature to the light genre; and it is on the hypothesis, suggested by her own course, that she is wanting in the passion and fervor called for by the interpretation of really great parts, that she is placed second in the list of our prima donnas.

It is unfortunate for Madame Patti as an artist that she does not merge her personality into the character she is portraying. Thus you do not hear *Lucia* one night, *Traviata* the next, and *Amina* the third, but always Madame Patti. Take her Lucia as an instance. You sit during the mad scene in rapt admiration of the marvellously executed scales and trills. The luckless Scotch maiden is entirely lost sight of. And if you do think of her, it is not as luckless. She can afford to go mad at so many dollars a trill; and when it is all over she will put a warm cloak around herself, be driven to a comfortable hotel, and send down next morning for her shekels. And yet it is fortunate, from a certain point of view, that in our admiration for Madame Patti we lose sight of the particular heroine, for we also lose sight of many of the absurdities and incongruities of Italian opera. Consider "La Traviata" as an example. It is a musical setting of "Camille." *Camille* dies of consumption almost immediately after her reunion with her lover, and the few broken accents in which she gasps farewell are among the most pathetic words spoken in emotional drama. But in the opera this is all very different. The consumptive not only gasps, but sings, and that, too, *fortissimo*. The opera is therefore as interesting from a scientific as from a musical standpoint. For a woman who, when in the last stages of consumption, can advance with her lover to the foot-lights with an air which says, "I am about to die of consumption, but, before I do so, permit me to execute this difficult passage," and then executes it, is certainly a phenomenon worthy of the attention of medical experts. But to the non-experts among the public such a scene would be absurd and incongruous if their attention were not concentrated upon Madame Patti.

How supremely Madame Patti is mistress of the art of song is proved by a little incident in the music-lesson scene in "The Barber of Seville." Before she begins the series of brilliant solos which forms the main attraction of the scene to the general public, she sits down at the piano and executes her solfeggios. They are merely every-day exercises, but they are sung with a matchless grace and purity of tone. Then, too, her execution of rapid passages is remarkable, not only for the rapidity with which they are sung, but also because every note receives its full valuation, so that her phrasing is always clear and distinct, never vague or blurred.

Madame Gerster's voice is distinguished by a clear, bell-like purity of tone which gives it a unique value. As an actress she is bright and vivacious. Even the rocks in the Academy scenery, which belong to the palæozoic strata of Italian opera, seem to advance to a less remote period when she is on the stage. The quality of Madame Gerster's voice is admirably suited to operas of the light genre, like "Sonnambula" and "Linda di Chamounix." She, however, takes more ambitious parts with success. She is pre-eminently the *Amina* of the modern stage. With less breadth than Madame Nilsson, and less command of the mechanism of song than Madame Patti, she has a voice so pure, so clear, so supple, that it lends itself with simple and artless grace to Bellini's melodies. Her singing of "Ah Non Giunge" is perfection of its kind. Song and voice appear to blend like two petals of the same flower. Besides in Italian opera, Madame Gerster is heard to great advantage in Schubert's and Schumann's songs. Madame Gerster was born in Kaschau. Her father, who was wealthy, gave her a musical education, that she might sing, as a graceful accomplishment. By the advice of competent judges, she, however, determined to adopt the stage as a profession.

Madame Marcella Sembrich is a pianiste, violiniste, and singer. She has appeared in concert in this threefold capacity, but is most distinguished as a singer. She is passionately fond of Chopin's compositions, and it is said makes a pilgrimage to his grave whenever she is in Paris. Sembrich is her mother's family name. Madame Sembrich's maiden name was Marcelline Kockausky. She was married to Wilhelm Stengel, her first piano teacher of distinction. Madame Sembrich was taught in a hard school. Her father was a wandering Galician music teacher, and stories are told that he would awaken during cold nights, and remembering melodies heard during the day, would force Marcelline to accompany him on the piano. In time she aroused the interest of an old pensioner, who provided her with the means to study music systematically. Lamperti was her instructor in singing.

Madame Sembrich's success at the new opera-house has been complete. She brings to a pure, buoyant, ringing soprano the methods of the best school of singing. You can follow her without fear of the result as she soars intrepidly up to the highest notes of the soprano register. Her répertoire covers a wide range. Her success in highly dramatic scenes is, however, limited by her elementary acting. But she is, despite this limitation, the most charming singer who has made her début here since Madame Gerster was first heard at the Academy.

While the appearance of these four prima donnas is the most remarkable feature of this opera season, another feature not less gratifying is the great success of "Lohengrin" at the new house. It has drawn the largest audiences—in fact, the only great audiences—from the opening night until the performance of "Don Giovanni." It proves very conclusively that the tendency of the day is toward the Wagnerian music-drama, and it will infuse hope into the projectors of the union which is to pave the way for the production, on a suitable scale, of Wagner's works in this country.

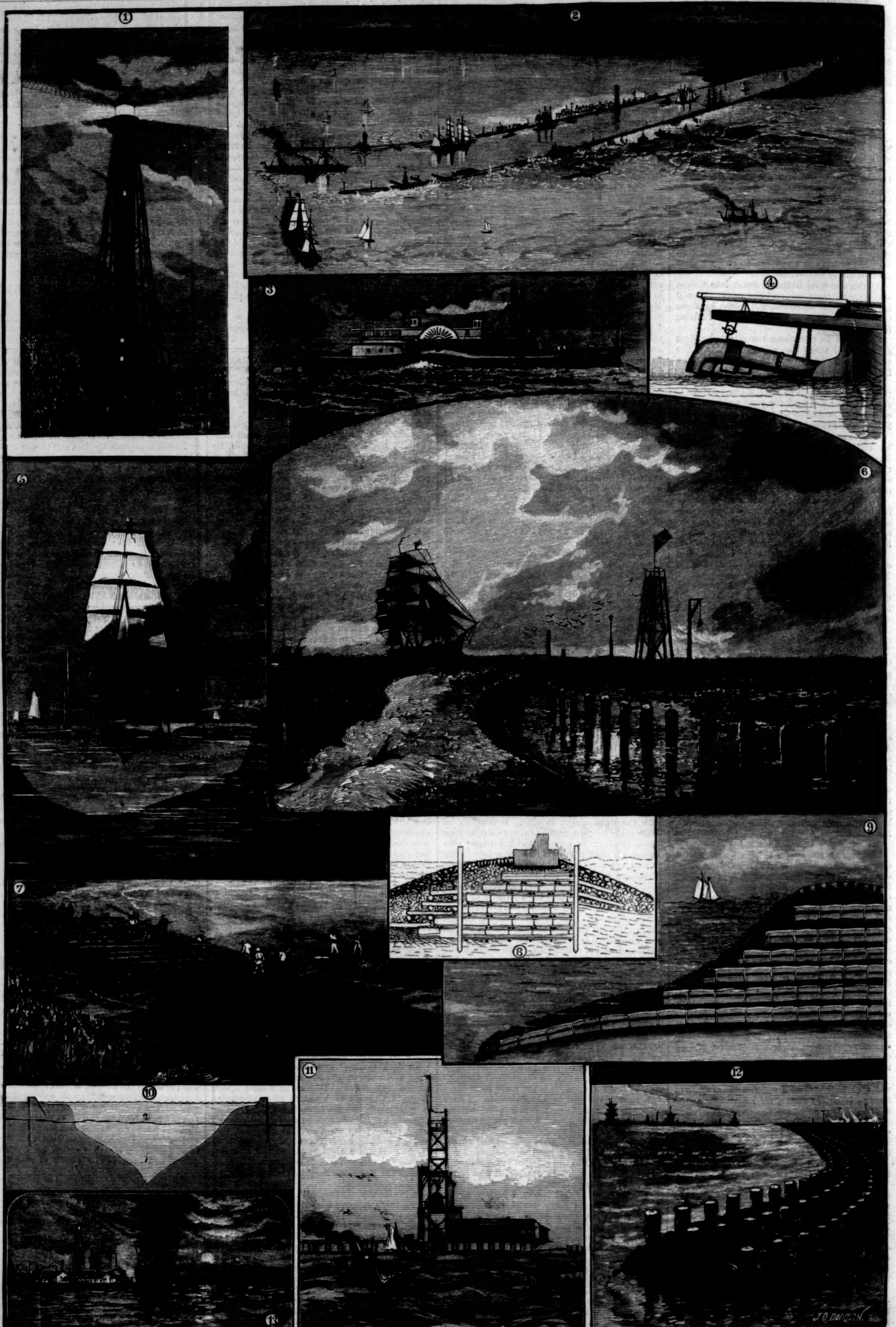
Gustav Kobbé.

ROCK FORMATIONS ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

The famous Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior annually attract to the southern shore of that mighty body of water vast numbers of tourists from every portion of the republic and from Europe. The cliffy border of the lake is of sandstone interlaid with strata of gravel; and stretching along the shore at a point beginning at about one hundred miles from the Sault Ste. Marie, and ending at a point sixty miles from Marquette, are the Pictured Rocks. The entire panorama, if we may thus call it, is in Schoolcraft County, Michigan, and the curious formations have been named by French voyageurs, tourists, and chance comers. Not altogether appropriate or euphonious are these titles, but the localities depicted by our artist on page 789 are fitly named La Chapelle, Grand Portal, and The Cascade; to the native guide, however, these are known as "The Great Door" and "The Chapel." Less prominent in the series is "Sail Rock," a fallen mass of limestone which bears so close a resemblance to a schooner under full sail, and heading for the cliffs, that a passing stranger might well hail her ghostly skipper, if he beheld her in the dark, and warn him against the dangerous coast. The Grand Portal gives into a cave worn into the massive ledge of limestone. The cave widens slightly from the entrance, and is one hundred and eighty feet wide at its amplest part, and four hundred feet long. The floor is the crystal wave, except in the back part, where the rocks are exposed, and afford a firm footing for the explorer. From the watery floor to the arched roof above, the height varies from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet. The sweep of this arch is well-nigh perfect in its symmetry; and as one looks out upon the surface of the lake from the rear, the effect of the exterior picture, framed as it is in the rocky curve of the portal, is striking and novel. The yellow sandstone drips with moisture, and is festooned here and there with close-growing mosses and lichens that darken with olive greens and grays the stony surface. The side entrance to this wonderful cave is flanked by rocky columns of an exaggerated Egyptian type. They remind the traveller of the gigantic monoliths of Thebes and Karnak; or, to use a more commonplace figure, they are Titanic hour-glasses in shape, the lower members being partially submerged in the crystal tide. At evening, when the rays of the setting sun light up the surface of the lake, and the colors of the sunset are diffused throughout the atmosphere, the reflections that play along the inner walls of the cave, and gild with strange beauty the glistening roof, make the place seem like a bit of fairy-land.

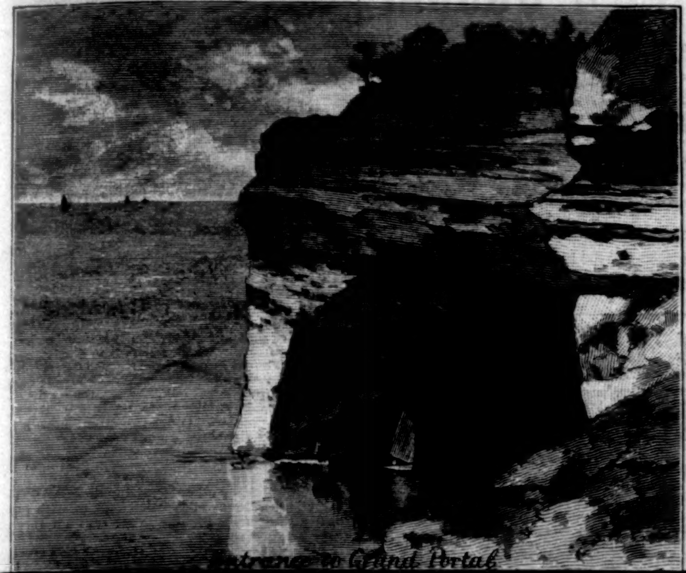
The Chapel so closely resembles the ruin of some ancient temple that it is difficult to resist the idea that this is the work of men's hands, rather than the result of centuries of action by wind and wave upon the friable rock. Seen from the beach, where the outlines are partially concealed by the thickets, one may fancy that here are the gloomy portals of some crumbling Hindoo temple, or the outer columns of the caves of Elephanta. The dome, which is deeply concave, is a solid mass of sandstone one hundred and ninety feet long and sixty feet wide. In the rear, and on the eastern side, it is supported by the cliff, into which it, the cave, has been hollowed, and on the front and west by huge columnar masses, resembling in contour the supports of the vaults of The Portal. A few of these masses stand out from the general structure, so to speak, and one of them, west of The Chapel a few feet, is about eighty feet in height from the surface of the water. The Pictured Rocks are stained with the wash of mineral oxides, and the hues prevailing are a greenish-blue, pale blue, verdigris green, old gold, pale yellow, and innumerable shades of brown and gray.

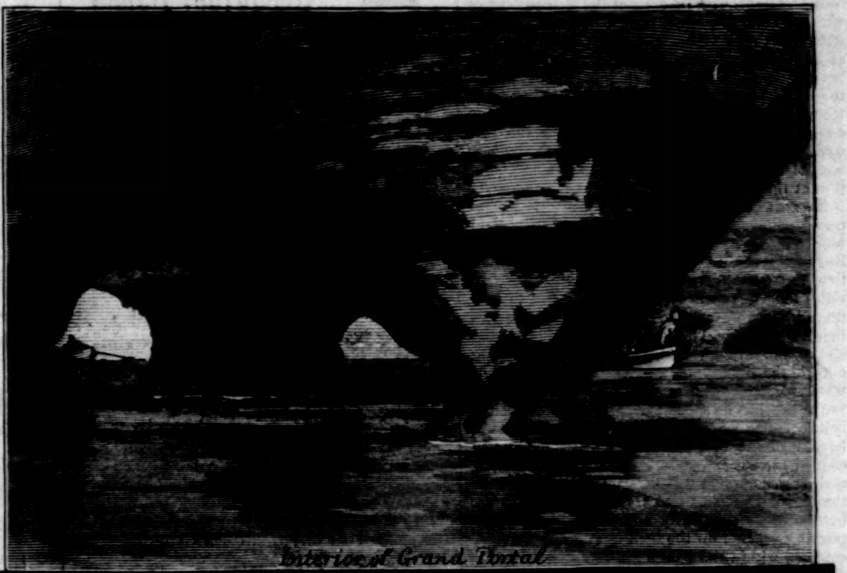
The Cascade is a bright sheet of water, about thirty feet wide, which falls from the overhanging cliffs sheer into the lake, having a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. The projection of the cliff from the lip of which the cascade springs is so great that a space of twenty-five or thirty feet remains behind the fall and between it and the rocky shore. It is the custom of guides to invite those who do not dread a slight shower to paddle around betwixt the cascade and the cliff—a proceeding entirely safe, provided the slight bark of the adventurer is managed with a steady hand. From The Cascade numerous headlands, bright with color and fantastic in shape, are in sight, and the eye may linger long and delightedly on the unique panorama that is spread out on either hand, and is mirrored in the transparent wave that holds the picturesque shores in its embrace.

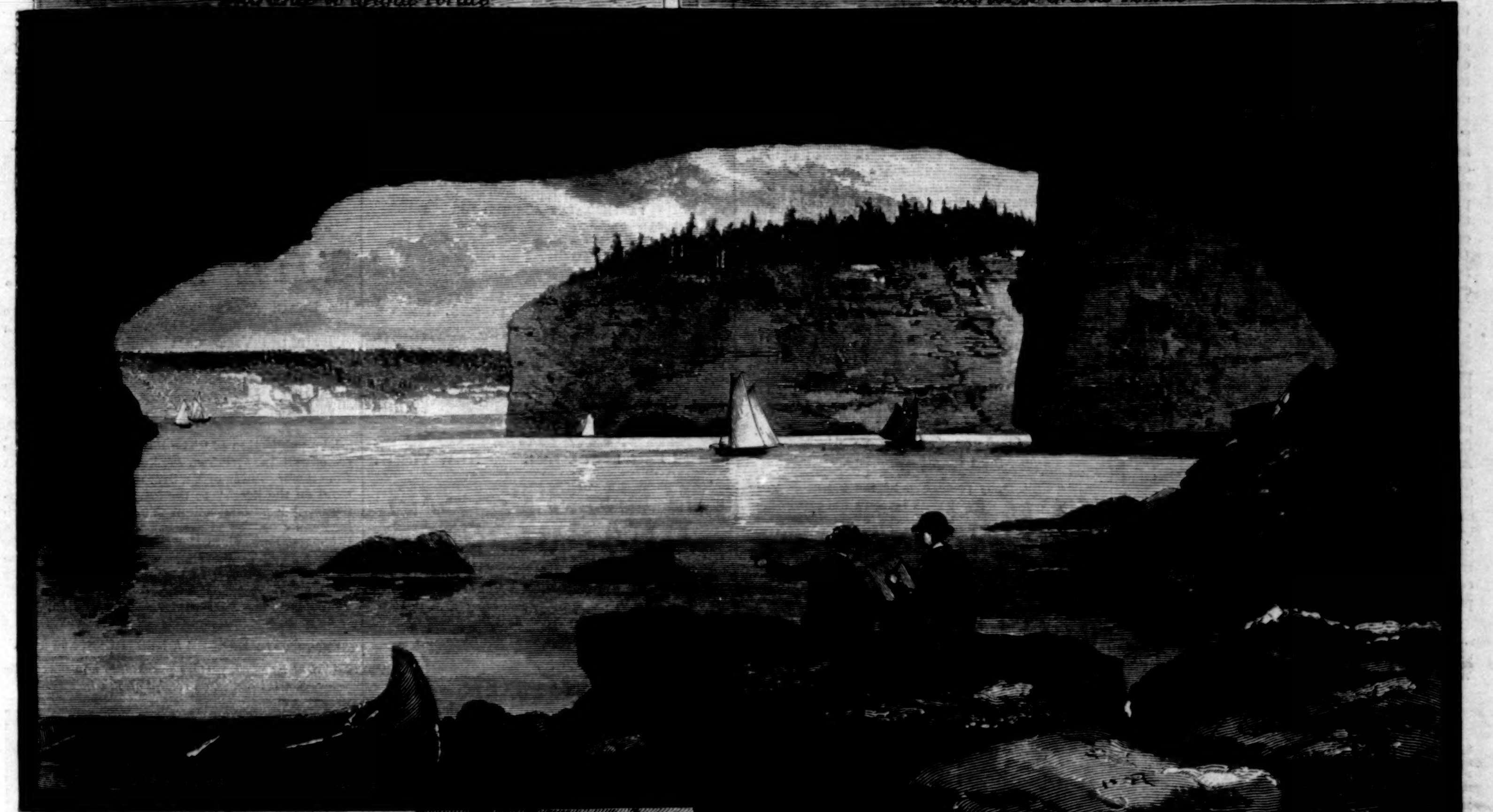


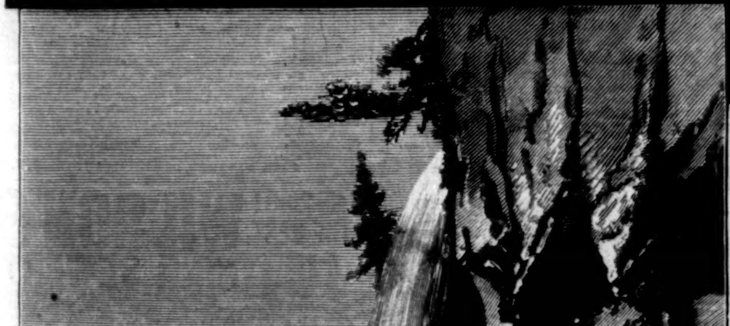
THE SOUTH PASS JETTIES OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 790.]

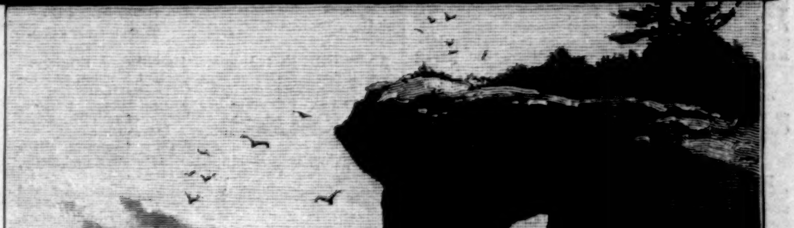
1. Port Eads Light-house. 2. Bird's-eye view of the Jetties. 3. Dredging steamer *G. W. R. Bayley*. 4. Dredging apparatus of *G. W. R. Bayley*. 5. Showing former and present Channel. 6. Seaward end of Jetties. 7. Mattress-making. 8. Section of Jetty 11,800 feet at sea. 9. Section of Jetty. 10. Channel made by Current—2, former depth. 11. Concrete Works. 12. Inside Willow Sand-barriers. 13. View within the Jetties.


Entrance to Grand Portal


Interior of Grand Portal


View from Grand Portal


Cascade and Cliffs


La Chapelle

THE SHORES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 787.]

THE MISSISSIPPI JETTIES.

THE great Mississippi for centuries has been hurrying down with its current the rich sediments wrested from the lands through which it and its tributaries make their way, and, depositing them at its mouth, has formed those great shoals and bars which for so long a period had almost closed that great commercial door at the maritime entrance to the richest agricultural district of our continent. Many remedies to remove the evil have been tried, but none have met with the success of the EADS system of jetties now in operation at the South Pass of the great delta.

These works are simply immense dikes composed of layers of willow mattresses, stones, and blocks of concrete and cement, built up from the bed of the sea. They are parallel to each other, two and one-quarter and one and three-quarter miles long respectively, and are designed to confine and guide a portion of the Mississippi's volume, eight hundred feet wide, over the intervening shoals, and through and beyond the great bar lying outside the river's mouth. This great current of water, when confined between the narrow banks of the jetties, has its speed and scouring power greatly augmented, so that, meeting with the opposing barrier of the bar, a great contest immediately ensued for supremacy. The old wide-spreading and slower current was delayed when it came to the bar, and, as it paused, its sediment fell to the bottom, thus constantly adding to the barriers pushing yearly into the Gulf. The new current, confined within the jetties' walls, can not stop to deposit sediment, but, urged forward by the pressure of waters behind, rushes over the bar and shoal places, tearing up the deposits of centuries, carrying them and its own through the bar into the deep Gulf waters beyond, leaving a wide, ever-deepening channel behind.

This great undertaking has proved a complete success, and stately fleets now breast the current in safety where a few years since they were barred out altogether, or only attempted the passage at the risk of disasters or delays well-nigh insupportable to commerce. Within the past month the British steamer *Silverton*, the largest freight-carrying steamer in the world, next in size to the *Great Eastern*, has passed through in safety with ten thousand bales of cotton, besides an assorted cargo, the largest that ever crossed the Atlantic.

The voyager passing from the restless waters of the Gulf into the comparative calm within the jetties looks about for the cause of the remarkable transition, and is pointed out as the jetties two narrow low strips of gray wall stretching like thin ribbons on the water into the distant horizon. A tall skeleton lookout tower stands near one end; a low wooden structure with scaffoldings and stagings is perched on the other. Along their length appear at varying intervals queer structures, mysterious scaffolds, signal poles with swaying pendants and spheres and outstretched arms, whose meaning can be read by the Pass pilots only. Over the low-lying barriers dash here and there feathery sprays of foam from the turmoil of ocean outside, while between comes down with a silent and impressive rush a portion of the mighty river.

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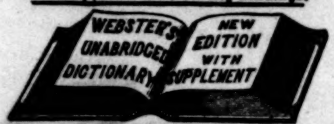

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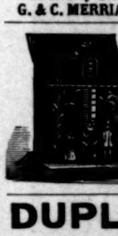

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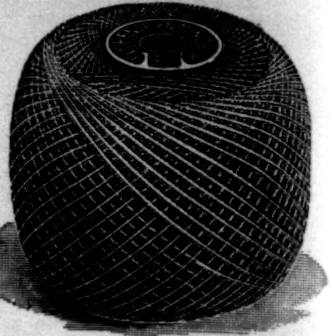

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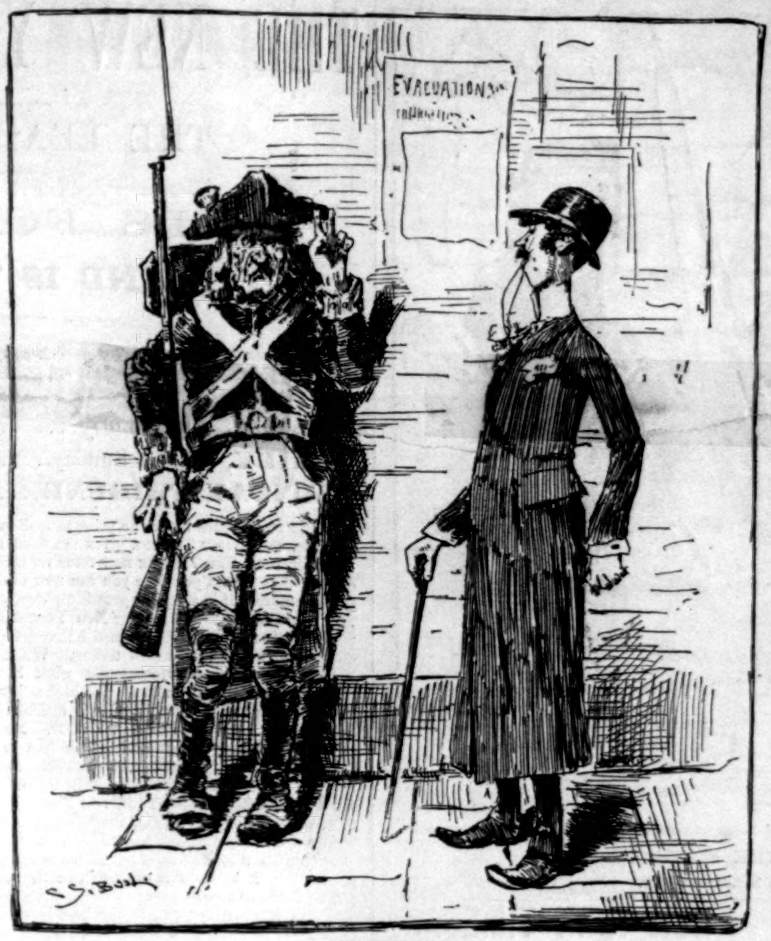

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